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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Bookbuyer's Complaint

IF you ask why the surest way to Who's Who in America was to be born in New England, go to an auction sale in an old Connecticut farmhouse whence generations have gone out into the world. There you will find a library of from four to six hundred volumes, not desirable perhaps by modern standards because too heavily ballasted with theology, yet sure to contain Shakespeare and Dickens as well as Jonathan Edwards, and rich in the standard informational books of its long day. That family bought books to keep.

Just when buying books to keep became somewhat obsolete is hard to say, perhaps in various parts of this country, as in many classes in England and the Continent, it has never begun. Yet it is unquestionably true that if the purchaser of rare and curious books has become commoner, private libraries, made for reading not for show, have not kept pace with the population. American homes are magazine homes, which is one cause of the lack of solidity in American culture.

Apartment life is not the only, or the chief, cause. There is plenty of room in the apartment for a real library—a collection of carefully chosen books, bought to keep, and weeded as rigorously as a garden. Nor is the prevalence and the cheapness of the magazine. No magazine can take the place of standard books. Nor is the haste of prosperity; nor even the parsimony of hard times. There is another cause, not the only cause, but an important one: the current method of publishing books.

New books can be classified roughly as books worth reading and books worth reading and keeping, table books and shelf books. Both kinds may be good books, but they are good for different purposes. Detective stories, puzzle books, four-fifths of all fiction, informational books on current conditions in Russia, Germany, or the East, books on the politics of the moment, biographies of front-page celebrities, most travel books, practically all books in popular science, all these may be worth reading, often are of great immediate interest and importance, but are dead in six months or a year and worthless in from one to five years. Some fiction and drama (but that most important), some essays, many biographies, some poetry (also highly important), much history, not a little science, philosophy, art, and religion should be regarded as a permanent investment, which is good (or better) ten years after purchase, if it was really good before. Personal preference enters here and makes wide fluctuations, but in general the classes are reasonably distinct. Many supposedly ephemeral books show unexpected vitality. Many supposedly permanent books are duds. Granted, yet the main outlines of the distinction persist. We all want both books for news and relaxation, and books for recourse and for renewed pleasure. We buy books as we buy the daily paper, for immediate use and rapid discard. But also we wish to buy books as we put improvements in the house—for the continuing benefit of the whole family.

The publishing trade in recent years has failed to note this distinction in the wish of their clients. They have published ephemerals at the same price and with the same luxury as books destined to last a generation. They have played up novelty in their advertising, and by implication at

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CITY ACTIVITIES: MURAL BY THOMAS HART BENTON
(From "America as Americans See It.")

Pilgrims' Pride

By WALTER M[illegible]IS
[illegible] is

"THE Americans," as Mr. Stephen Leacock tersely sums us up at the end of this fascinating volume,* "are a queer people." We can neither rest, it seems, nor read; we can neither drink nor play. "But that is all right. The Americans don't give a damn: don't need to: never did need to. That is their salvation." It is this vast and sprawling phenomenon, at once standardized and infinitely variegated, at once imitative and unique, at once sterile and fertile with strange invention, sensitive and yet indifferent, ominously powerful and irritatingly heedless of others, which through the decade since the World War has arrested the curiosity and wonder of the European. What, after all, is it all really about?

The question remains unanswered, since it is in the nature of things unanswerable. It is impossible to explain 120,000,000 people. Such subtle practitioners as M. Siegfried or M. Maurois have subjected us to penetrating analysis; hosts of returning lecturers have spread the dreadful tale of "first-hand impressions"; our own writers and tourists and emigrés have damned or defended us before a world which they have found avid for this particular type of intellectual entertainment. It is all more or less unsatisfactory. So it seemed to Mr. Ringel (a German newspaperman) after "many earnest all night discussions with European friends about America, the new, the old and the as-yet-to-be-discovered." Mr. Ringel found his own solution for this problem in international interpretation. Since the problem is insoluble the solution is naturally imperfect, but it turns out to be unusually interesting, unusually suggestive.

Mr. Ringel has enlisted forty-six American writers, each to contribute a short article explaining some one aspect of the American scene to European readers. The essays range from that of Walter Prichard Eaton on our physical scenery to those of [illegible] on graft, of Burghardt du Bois on the Negro, of Clare Boothe Brokaw on the social register, or of Graham McNamee on "Radio Thrills." The resultant panorama is strewn with admirably chosen illustrations—architectural photographs, works of contemporary painters and sculptors, drawings from "The New Yorker," news pictures, comic strips, social and political caricature—and when it is all finally brought together, the editor has achieved a kind of unity in diversity, a patchwork with a definite pattern that justifies the title of the book.

By and large, this is indeed America as Americans see it. Or rather, it is America as it is seen by that relatively rather small number of Americans who read our more serious magazines and newspapers, enjoy some leisure, have a turn for some thought and reflection. It is not the America of the day laborer, of the average farmer, of the salesman, the stenographer, the industrial manager, the Wall Street broker, or the small business man. The book creates an effect rather like that which one might get by sitting down with the current issues of the *Atlantic, Harper's, Scribner's, New Yorker, Nation, New Republic,* and reading right through every article they contain on American topics, throwing in at the same time a page or two from *The Mercury,* glancing at some of the more urbane newspaper feature writers and dipping in to a few of the more precious magazines of criticism. And it is bounded by the limits which those titles suggest.

So in the end even Mr. Ringel's venture does not escape the point of view, the rationalization, which alone makes possible any unified concept of a complex of phenomena so multitudinous as those which we insist on crowding into the idea of a "nation." His writers are extremely varied, they often contradict each other, they approach their subjects from very diverse starting points. They provide a raw material out of which the German readers for whom the book was originally intended will have to construct their own personal interpretation, just as an Amer-

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* AMERICA AS AMERICANS SEE IT. Edited by FRED J. RINGEL. Illustrated by Over 100 American Artists. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $3.75.

The Edge of Disaster

ACROSS THE GOBI DESERT. By SVEN HEDIN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

SOMETIMES the most interesting things in a book are not told in words. Such is the case with the latest book of the famous Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin. His own psychology is everywhere apparent but nowhere mentioned. Ever since he began his explorations in Asia in 1885 his consuming ambition has been to make each of his expeditions surpass all other expeditions, including his own earlier ones. This has led him into all sorts of hair-breadth adventures. His camels have died in the desert; he has been forced to bring water in one of his own boots to his exhausted men; he has suffered blizzards of incredible fury on top of the world in Tibet. And he has come through it all unscathed. Some people say he has had luck, but it would be fairer to say that he has an almost uncanny faculty for going just far enough to insure an exciting adventure, but not far enough to perish. Among the travellers of our day only Stefansson rivals him in the sheer art of battling with the forces of nature. Moreover, he possesses a Rooseveltian faculty of winning the devotion of his subordinates. His Asiatic companions know his dare-devil ways, but follow him through thick and thin.

Hedin is more than a mere traveller. He is also a scientific observer. One of the qualities which make him such a superb traveller is a marvellous power of exact and minute observation. Still another is phenomenal physical vigor, and a third is indefatigable industry. All day, as he rides along on his horse or camel, or floats on a raft, he jots down notes about anything and everything, but especially about the physical appearance of the country. Then when he gets home he writes books by the shelf-full. Part of them are books of travel and adventure. In each of these he frankly tells us how greatly the last expedition surpasses its predecessors. In proof of this he paints his adventures in bolder strokes each time. No American can surpass Hedin in the "bigger and better" game. But he is always interesting. After the travel books come the huge tomes of "Scientific Results," full of the most minute details, the same kind of

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This Week

"MEN AND MEMORIES."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON.
TRANSIENT.
By DON MARQUIS.
CHADOURNE'S "CHINA."
Reviewed by LUCILLE DOUGLAS.
ARNOLD BENNETT'S LAST STORIES.
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
CIVILIZATION SMASHES UP.
By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.
HUMAN BEING. XX.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

MEIKLEJOHN'S "EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE."
Reviewed by JOHN ERSKINE.

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Pilgrim's Pride

(*Continued from first page*)

ican living in America constructs his personal interpretation out of the diversity around him. Yet at the same time the book will suggest to any American reader who is honest with himself the extent to which all interpretation is circumscribed, the degree in which his own ideas of his nation rest not upon actual experience or observation or upon the immense reality involved, but upon literary conventions, points of view devised and propagated by others.

The American reader will see an idea uncritically advanced by one of these authors; he will recognize it and accept it as an admirably true statement. Then he sees it turn up in an article by another on another subject, and presently it reappears again, and the reader begins to have an uneasy sense that these men, while observing with their own eyes, have also been reading each other. And then he realizes that his own knowledge of "America" is made up of reading quite as much as of seeing, and in the end the world which he has woven and wrapped around himself begins to give here and there, to rip and come apart, and he may conclude with a curiously naked feeling before a reality which after all cannot be tamed by any method, cannot be seen except by first blinding one's self to nine-tenths of what is really there.

The German reader will feel that now at last he has the data upon which he can devise his own picture of America. The thoughtful American reader will feel only that now at last he knows that no real picture can ever be devised. Among the forty-six competent, observant, and intelligent people who contribute to the symposium there are not more than one or two whose voices seem to speak directly out of their own American experience, undiluted by the literary or artistic conventions which so many of us accept as the reality of our lives. It is Stuart Chase who writes about industrial management, not an industrial manager. It is Fred C. Kelly, a contemplative speculator, who writes about Wall Street, not Mr. Richard C. Whitney. And nobody writes about politics at all.

The subject was excluded because, as Mr. Ringel says, it appeared "to be an esoteric phenomenon, characterized by more or less skilful and exhilarating showmanship in Washington, but of no direct relation with the American people." No doubt this is true enough; but it is the observation of the critic, not of the person who is experiencing America. Our politics may be a relatively unimportant influence in our history, but vast numbers of us still follow the showmanship with a lively interest, and believe that it is important even if it is not. To include a chapter on sports and leave out one on politics is to reveal that this method of interpretation, factual and catholic as it may seem, is actually only less artificial and selective than that of M. Siegfried, in which a single mind passes the whole in review and supplies an artistically unified view of an infinity of objective fact.

Americans of the more or less "intellectual" minority will read this book with great interest, though they will appreciate in the end that it gives, not a picture of America, but a picture of what American intellectuals think about it. Americans of that vast, varied, and not particularly "intellectual" majority which actually molds and makes the substance about which the rest of us think, simply will not read the book at all. For they, as Mr. Leacock says, do not give a damn. "That is their salvation."

Walter Millis, an editorial writer for The Herald-Tribune, *is the author of the excellent "The Military Spirit," a history of the Spanish-American War.*

The Edge of Disaster

(*Continued from first page*)

items being repeated dozens of times in respect to different regions. I shudder at the thought of reading the bigger Results which will follow from the expedition described in "Across the Gobi Desert." Yet I am keen to see them because I know that they will contain much grist about climatic changes for my mill and much grist of other sorts for other people.

When such a man passes the age of sixty and is still looking for something bigger to do, what shall he undertake? The obvious answer is another trip to Central Asia which will surpass the large and highly organized expeditions sent out by the American Museum of Natural History under Roy Chapman Andrews. When such a man has been publicly kicked by the British because of German sympathies during the World War, what sort of scientists and aviators shall he take with him? Swedes and Germans, of course, with perhaps a Dane or Norwegian tucked in. So in 1925 we find Hedin in Peiping negotiating with the Chinese authorities for permission to explore their innermost secrets. Here we come to another thing which is scarcely mentioned in the book, but is everywhere apparent, namely, the psychology of the Chinese. The leaders of that country have lately become self-conscious and nationalistic. They believe that they are as capable as anyone. They do not like to have foreigners come over in our superior fashion and discover their scientific secrets for them. Still less do they like to have us carry away their ancient treasures of art and archæology. Hence there was strong opposition to the proposed expedition. But Hedin is very tactful, persuasive, and persistent. Therefore after two years of discussion an agreement was reached whereby the expedition was to have a dual leadership—Swedish and Chinese—with a goodly allowance of Chinese scientists. Hedin passes over all this very lightly, just hinting at the interesting tale which he might tell. Then he plunges into his narrative. Being a journalist, and a very good one, he wrote his book day by day as he travelled slowly westward on a camel north of the Great Chinese Wall. At first there were no adventures, and Hedin saw almost nothing of the people because he was so completely engrossed in his caravan. Accordingly he introduces us to his company, tells how they all lived and travelled from day to day, and what great discoveries they are going to make. He also praises his Chinese and Swedish companions to the skies, expatiating on how easy it is to run a big expedition if you have the right men. Above all he dwells on the bigness of his caravan. It forms "a majestic, overpowering prospect" with its 60 men and 300 camels. His executive assistant is Larson, "that youth 57 years old [who] . . . has spent 34 years in Mongolia. . . . Nothing escapes his attention. . . . He reports to me all the news of the day in his broadest Västmanlandish. . . . He seats himself on the box to the right of my writing-table, and twiddles his fingers round his cap. . . . In the darkest hours he always remained calm, the same as I."

When the camels had been collected and the caravans finally started, there was some real excitement. Part of the animals were so fat that they had to be given a three-day fast. When they were loaded the first time they became "all quite mad," and the story of their madness is extremely good. Frightened by the boxes on their backs, about 150 of them ran away, banging into one another and throwing off their boxes as they ran. One was reported as still running thirty miles away. It took three days to gather the animals and boxes together again, and even then three camels were missing. In spite of this the journey was for a long time relatively uneventful. So Hedin has a great deal to say about when and where he drank his tea, how he drew his maps, and how many orders he gave to his subordinates. The curious thing about it is that he tells all these petty details and makes all his self-appreciative remarks in such a pleasant, hearty way that the reader quite enjoys both the book and the author.

Nevertheless one is glad to get beyond these incidents and come to the real adventures. They were lively enough. Hedin became ill and had to be carried on a stretcher. Then, finally, he had to be left behind in the dead of a terribly cold winter. The various parties which he sent ahead to bring a cart and provisions were met by the Chinese as if they were the vanguard of an invading army. In fact, that is just what the Chinese officials in Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan thought they were. Rumor had it that thousands of soldiers were marching with Hedin across the desert, and other thousands were called out to meet them and fight with them.

The climax of the book is dramatic. Here is the setting: A visit by Hedin long ago to a desert of clay and salt and to the salt lake of Lop-Nor where no man of European race had ever been before; a sweeping prophecy as to great changes in the location of the lake; an absence of over a quarter of a century during which only two other Europeans saw the place; much discussion of the prophecy and some ridicule of it among savants. Now comes the final act. Hedin returns and triumphs. Lop-Nor has done what he said it would do. It has changed its position and is sixty miles north of where he saw it, but just where he said it would be. Hedin's luck? Perhaps so. But it takes a very keen mind to have such luck.

Ellsworth Huntington, an expert in geography and the history of climate, has himself explored the Gobi Desert.

A KIRGHIZ WITH A HUNTING EAGLE
(From Sven Hedin's "Across the Gobi Desert.")

Transient

By DON MARQUIS

GIVE up the dream that Love may trick the fates
To live again somewhere beyond the gleam
Of dying stars, or shatter the strong gates
Some god has builded high: give up the dream.
Flame were not flame unless it met the dark—
The beauty of our doomed, bewildered loves
Dwells in the transience of the moving spark
Which pricks oblivion's blackness as it moves;
A few more heartbeats and our hearts shall lie
Dusty and done with raptures and with rhyme:
Let us not babble of eternity
Who stand upon this little edge of time!
Even old godheads sink in space and drown,
Their arks like foundered galleons sucked down.

Rothenstein Redivivus

MEN AND MEMORIES: Recollections of William Rothenstein, 1900-1922. New York: Coward-McCann. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON

NOT the sprightly, savorsome eighteenth century chroniclers at their best surpass in completeness, nor approach in swift-caught precision, Sir William Rothenstein in "Men and Memories." The period covered in the second instalment conducts us from 1900 to 1922, and reveals the artist-author *silhouetted against* a background now smugly Edwardian, now swept by the surging tides of the World War. The formative phases of his career being over, he herewith settles down in searching, acquisitive eagerness to professional preoccupations and to the cementing of those friendships that are in effect the *raison d'être* of the current volume. Too urbane to project himself oppressively in the foreground, Sir William, through copious citation of correspondence, by means of apt anecdote and judiciously distributed emphasis, permits his dramatis personæ to portray themselves. The result is uniquely stimulating. Nowhere else does one meet such a piquant panorama of the first two decades of the present century. Artists, litterateurs, savants, statesmen, and the merely military, parade rapidly before the unappeased eye, each deftly, accurately individualized and evaluated.

As before, one readily divines where the artist-author's proper sympathies lie, and where one is likely to encounter a touch of humanly acid antipathy. Oscar has verily gone the way of flesh, and Beardsley's Pierrot candle has burnt out, but the heart still warms to rebel John and sensuous lyrical Conder, the latter soon to drift off to his own Ile de Cythère. To these are shortly added Conrad, Hudson, Wells, Drinkwater, Steer, Orpen, Epstein, Gill, scholarly Roger Fry, Gordon Craig, dynamic Wyndham Lewis, Count Harry Kessler, and kindred figures of note in the galaxy of contemporary British and Continental art, letters, science, and social life.

Augustus John, baggy checked suit and earrings, poor and unappreciated during the early meager years, was yet supercharged with creative vitality and enthusiasm. Whilst Steer and Tonks in carpet slippers, so to say, were "strolling unconcerned through the pêle-mêle of life," John, forced to teach for a modest dole at Liverpool, exclaims, "I pant to do a superb decoration. The three days I prostitute to foul faced commodity weigh on my soul terribly." Yet the pinch of poverty was keenly present for, he adds, "I would paint any man a nice big picture for £50 if he paid down £25 first." But alas, no one bit!

Sir William, it appears, does not flit across Channel to France quite so frequently as was the case during his 'prentice days. Instead, he goes oftener to Germany, and whilst in Berlin pays his re-

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spects to the mighty yet diminutive Adolf von Menzel, whom he finds in a spacious, untidy studio at the top of several long flights of stairs. Speaking of his own scrupulously wrought work, Menzel remarked, "Well, I early cultivated the habit of drawing things as though I were never to see them again." As simple and profound an instance of artistic probity as one might anywhere encounter. Albeit Exzellenz and punctiliously saluted by the palace guard, the octagenarian painter, if a minute late for lunch, would find himself barred from the dining-room by his sister, a veritable *alte Hexe!* Liebermann was also visited, and whereas the trenchant cosmopolitan Professor Max grudgingly admitted Sargent as being of some artistic consequence he would have none of Whistler whose vaunted estheticism he curtly characterized as "Cocotten-Geschmack."

Back in England again, one cannot fail to note the contrast offered by the picture of Conrad living in bitter, gnawing poverty at Pent Farm, Kent, a prey to the torturing twinges of gout and the perpetual struggle to find *le most juste.* ("I can't get anything out of myself quickly," writes Conrad to his artist friend, "it takes me a year of agony to make something like a book—generally longer. And, my dear fellow, when it is done there are not more than twenty people who understand *pourquoi on se tue pour écrire quelques phrases pas trop mauvaises.*")

From time to time cropped to the surface the mellow, resigned physiognomies of certain eminent Victorians, such as Leslie Stephen, and Lord Morley, who on one occasion sagely drops the remark that "a man can do a deal of good in the world if he doesn't mind who gets the credit for it." One also catches a glimpse of Stopford Brooke who, though nearing eighty, with that wholesome, verdant optimism so characteristically British, is seen building for himself down in Surrey a large, spacious house and planting a rose garden. Main interest, however, is focussed upon closer associates and actual contemporaries. Hudson, whose portrait was painted in his hideously unesthetic Church Row abode, is described as possessing a "peculiar, mysterious charm quite indescribable; something about him tore at one's heart, so lovable he was. Yet he never invited affection; he was a lonely man, with something of the animal about him, walking away and returning with the nonchalance of an animal, and then disappearing again."

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Yet not all are sketched with such sympathetic apperception. Bernard Shaw, grown important and pontifical, and preferring to be painted "in the style of Holbein" by Sir John Collier, and actually being limned by Neville Lytton in the robes of a Pope looking for all the world like Innocent X. in the Doria picture, is by subtle inference reduced to something approximating his true proportions. Rodin, who had twice been to London, appeared to be the not unwilling victim of much overadulation, and Anatole France was more justly noted for his urbanity and naughtiness than for his humanity of spirit. "The gold of Whistler's halo is already wearing thin," it seems, and Cézanne, "like Whistler, was a great amateur, and like Whistler he proved that it is far better to be an inspired amateur than an uninspired professional." The gem of these snap-shot aperçus is, however, reserved for Picasso, "that sad esthetic rake, who spends each week-end with a different style," the veritable "gigolo of geometry."

Despite such strictures actual or implied, Sir William does not set his back obstinately against the moderns and the modern movement. Like his great predecessors, Goya and Daumier, he is distinctly of his own time. Those august brahmins, the "scholar-esthetes" of Florence, Berenson et al., leave him cold and refreshingly unimpressed, living as they do amidst the princely things of a bygone age "which, for all their beauty, seemed as misplaced as an enamelled and bewigged mistress in the house of a young man." And as for the museums, they are "golden cages for stuffed birds," already "vast as public cemeteries," each addition becoming "more costly, more wearying and confusing to the visitor, and a further encouragement to restlessness and haste where peace and leisure are needed."

Eschewing the Academy and faithful to his côterie of the New English Art Club, Sir William yet seems a bit dubious concerning the destiny of British Art until the coming of the Great War and the inspiring showing made by the British and Canadian artists at the front. Here, indeed, an art hitherto sluggish of pace, uncertain of direction, and steeped in the slush of national sentimentality, suddenly becomes a vivid, living organism, instinct with emotion, imagination, courageous grasp of actuality and, above all, a definite, specific mission. Dapper Orpen, John now a bearded major in trench helmet, serious-browed Kennington, cocksure Nevinson, and gunner Roberts,

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.
(From a sketch by Alpheus Cole.)

hitherto unregarded, suddenly sprung under the stress of action to their full artistic stature. And Sir William himself frankly acknowledges that "no work has ever satisfied me so completely as that which I undertook while acting as a British, and later, a Canadian, Official Artist." All of which proves that the practice of art entails a liberal measure of emotivity. As fancy-rich Chagall once said, "In art it is better to feel first and think afterward."

With all its brilliant, scintillant, and essentially sophisticated surface, "Men and Memories" remains in spirit warm and replete with genuine artistic and cultural contacts. It possesses the indispensable ingredient of *Gefühl.* And that is not the least reason why as a portrait of its time, whether in pen, pencil, or brush, its place seems assured.

Bookbuyer's Complaint

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least urged everyone to buy every book *as if he were going to keep it forever.* Now if I want "Arabia Deserta" or Willa Cather's last novel, or Elinor Wylie's "Poems," or the life of Disraeli, or a history of the war, or an anthology of the best modern plays, or MacLeish's "Conquistador," or the poems of A. E. Housman, or 'The Dictionary of American Biography," or Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria," the question is not of price, provided that it is reasonable in consideration of the paper and format. The only question is how soon shall I be able to afford to make my purchases. Two dollars and a half, or seven dollars and a half, is a good investment when one considers a possible twenty years of life on my own bookshelves.

But if the books offered me are detective stories to be read on Monday, if they are books (no matter how good) on what Russia seemed to be like between May and October of 1931—and is certainly not like now, or readable but ephemeral novels, or biographies of political candidates, or studies of the current economic situation, or examples of the hundred and one other kinds of book publication, good for *now,* wanted *now,* readable *now,* but worthless in six months or a year, then price *is* a factor, then I am willing to pay a larger sum than for a magazine because I am getting something more substantial, more durable, more lendable, more unified in its interest,—but not too much larger. Then I want good typography and a decent make-up, but binding, and even paper, is relatively of no great importance. I want a book, but a book not too dear to discard when I and my friends have finished it.

Is it impossible for the publishing trade to meet this divergence in readers' wants? It exists; it has become urgent with the coming of hard times; failure to note it has undoubtedly been one of the causes for the sharp decline in the sale of books. Pressure to pay the price of a shelf for *any* book, has confused, and perhaps angered, the buyer. He sees short-lived books in the remainder stands at a quarter of their price on issue shortly before, and concludes that all books are too high. He sees on his shelves books bought high, read for their news, and already dead, and determines to buy no more books for a while. His instinct is both to read and to collect books, but if he must pay as much for news of the month as for durable literature, that instinct is thwarted.

We ask, as readers, therefore, that books to be read but not kept, should be cheaper, cheaply bound on cheaper paper, cheaply distributed, but with the best typography, with publisher's advertising, or any advertising in them, if desired, to help keep down costs. We ask also that our expensive books, for which we are quite willing to pay, books destined for the library shelves, should be books with at least some expectation of long life in them. The distinction cannot always be made successfully, and there will be numerous errors (correctible however) on first publication, but a general distinction is possible. This is one way to loosen the purse strings of the potentially immense book-buying population of the United States.

A Frenchman's China

CHINA. By MARC CHADOURNE. Illustrated by MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS. New York: Covici-Friede. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by LUCILLE DOUGLAS

"THE Great Wall of China is alive. For M. Chadourne, the Great Wall is sympolic. From the first moment he saw it, it was for him the sign spiritual of this great country.

"It seemed sprung from the stony desert itself. It rushed off to the assault of a bare mountain and embraced it like the tentacles of an octopus. The thorny thrust of this great horny spine, whose saw-toothed battlements appeared to brush the sky, created an indescribable impression of life, belligerency, and, at the same time, of fabulous strength. Farther on, one could see it encircle a precipice, slide to the bottom of a ravine, and disappear. Elsewhere it reëmerged from a sharp ridge and the fragment reared against the sky brought to mind the waving, arched neck of a wild beast, a gigantic saurian coming forth from its lair, raging and fuming. Once again, despite its banality, the metaphor of the dragon forced itself upon me. A dragon drawing all its sustenance from the breast of this prehistoric landscape. . . ."

This is the wall that the Emperor Shi Hwang-ti built more than two thousand years ago. Not only, and this is important to remember, to protect his subjects from marauders, but to enlarge the boundaries of the Flowery Kingdom. That spirit holds today. In spite of the breaches in the wall, in spite of the many invasions, a tide that beats and washes against it, but does not destroy—Huns, Tartars, Mongols, Arabs, Turks, to be followed by the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the English, the French,—the spirit of the Great Wall holds, so M. Chadourne finds.

"The Chinese Wall is alive. Each Chinese builds it within and about himself. It explains and illustrates China. It is at once her spirit and her history, her protective organism and growth, the living symbol of her offensive and defensive strategy, of her struggle inch by inch against the Occident. . . . To fortify the wall against the West, it is necessary to take from the West all that it can give, to profit by all it can teach and then turn its weapons against it. . . . It is the entire Oriental-Occidental drama in Asia. Can China defend herself?"

This is the thought that he followed throughout his extensive journeys in China, in his discussions of the revolution, the civil wars, the communistic bogey, Young China, foreign imperialism, the two great China rackets, opium and kidnaping; through the great cities of Hongkong, Shanghai, and Peiping, up the Yangtze to Chiangking and beyond, across the rice fields, into the labyrinthine thoroughfares of the teeming life that is everywhere, in spite of famine and pestilence—the building of a wall against the foreigner. His thought is judicially analytical. He is not concerned so much with the solution of the problems as with the influences that have brought about the prevailing conditions and the results of the impact of foreign countries. He carefully evaluates the events of the thousands of years that make China the great force it is today, a vast disorganized horde of people, a country in a chaotic state that would appal any other civilization, but which is held together by an inward serenity that will be difficult to conquer by force.

In the final chapter, which is an addition to the European edition, M. Chadourne considers China and Japan and their relation to the Western powers in the light of the recent events. He says that everything makes them opposites (China and Japan) and that it is impossible to

RALPH HODGSON, POET
(From a Drawing by Sir William Rothenstein.)

conceive two natures more contrary. "The one ferments and boils, the other contracts and compresses itself to the point of explosion. China incarnates smiling chaos, prosperous disorder, wars in slippers, farcical governments, progress swallowed up, for better or worse, by traditions; Japan signifies discipline, constraint, traditions engulfed by progress, the fierce conquest of the Occidental order engendering the worst crises. Even in its colics the Chinese paunch takes its ease and slowly digests; Japan suffers from an eternal stomach cramp, not to speak of her nervous fits and sick headaches. Smile at a Celestial and he swoons, speak to a Japanese and he strangles." Yet, there are those people who say, "Let them fight it out, they are the same race!"

For this book on China, Marc Chadourne, the well-known French novelist, was awarded the *Prix Gringoire* in 1931. In 1930 his book, "Cecile de la Folie," won for him the *Prix Femina.* He writes with precision and discrimination. Possessed of a brilliant style, he is also gifted with a clarity of vision and an unusual penetration of the hidden forces which are shaping the destiny of modern China. Such insight is rarely given to a foreigner, but he sees from the vantage point of wide experience gained from extensive travels on the five continents. A keen observer, he has chosen both geographically and humanly the salient characteristics

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of this vast country and its swarming millions. Against the rich heritage of an ancient culture he has thrown in sharp relief the modern ideas and isms of Young China. Simply and beautifully written, with the finesse of sophistication, there is to be found in this volume the answer to many of the questions which Westerners have been asking since China has become the focal point in the Far Eastern situation. In the facile rhythm are truths too important to be missed. One regrets the necessity for translation. Something is inevitably lost—a mood—a shade of meaning.

The illustrations by Covarrubias are remarkable in that this brilliant artist has in the simplest line drawings revealed the vital characteristics of both places and people.

Lucille Douglas illustrated Amy Lowell's volumes of poems from the Chinese. She is an artist of distinction who knows thoroughly the East, and particularly China.

Bennett Stories

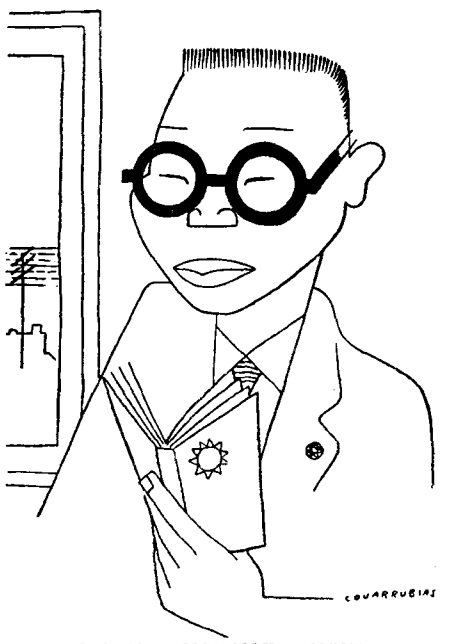
STROKE OF LUCK and DREAM OF DESTINY. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS volume contains a long short-story by the late Arnold Bennett, and about half of a novel left unfinished at the time of his death. Except for the adventitious interest that always attaches to posthumous publications, especially if they are incomplete, there is not much in it that will attract the serious reader. The short story, "Stroke of Luck," is perfectly evident and deliberate "popular fiction," excellent in manner, and very poor indeed in matter. The heroine, an actress who has been a long time out of work, faces her thirtieth birthday with the feeling that if the day does not bring forth an opportunity of some kind, she must despair of her career; of course the day obliges, providing an accidental acquaintanceship with a man who turns out to be England's leading playwright, and of course, he not only offers her a leading role, but marries her, after the author has tried to erect a flimsy triangle as an obstacle to true love. The story is admirably managed, in every way, as one would expect from Arnold Bennett, and there is no reason to condemn it for being what it is. But in reading it one constantly feels that it ought to be in a magazine; it cries out for glossy paper and a margin of toothpaste advertisements; in the dignity of a handsome volume it seems extremely anæmic.

There might have been more virtue in "Dream of Destiny" if it had been finished, though it too appears to be aiming at the popular-romantic manner. Its hero meets an actress whom he has met before in an ominous dream, in which he married her, and she died in childbirth. In the course of the story as we have it he becomes more and more attracted by her, and afraid of bringing death on her. She has a first night which is an enormous triumph, and then a nervous collapse in which she turns insanely on him. And there the fragment ends. It is mildly interesting to speculate on what the outcome of the story might have been, but it is difficult to imagine any more significant development than a sentimental tragedy or, more likely, a conventional happy ending somehow won from destiny. The characters are not sufficiently strongly drawn, and the problem, since it involves the supernatural, is not sufficiently clearly set, to make it of much use to try to imagine the conclusion (as it is, for instance, fascinating to try to end "Weir of Hermiston"). "Dream of Destiny" is probably a story in which the chief value would have been in the ingenuity of the ending, and we have not the ending.

These stories are of course well written for what they are. If Arnold Bennett were less well known, it would be worth while to commend his skill in making much of little, or to comment on the intense enjoyment of luxury, coupled with a knowledge of what life is like when it is not luxurious, and an impatience with the rich who take their luxury with less ecstasy than Bennett; but his skill and his characteristics are common knowledge, and the present book shows nothing new in him. One can only say that "Stroke of Luck" is good ephemeral entertainment, and "Dream of Destiny" might be good entertainment if we had the whole of it; but that there is not much reason for putting them into a book.



A COVARUBBIAS ILLUSTRATION.
(For Chadourne's "China.")

Civilization Smashes Up

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

MRS. BIMMIS looked up from the evening paper, her eyes big with horror, and gasped before she could speak.

"My goodness, Henry!" she exclaimed. "Did you read this? It is just terrible!"

"Another airplane smash-up?" asked Henry, not bothering to look up from the wood-pulp magazine he was reading. The name of the magazine was *Sinful Stories*. "They all smash up, soon or late. Keep off of them."

"Well, if it was only an airplane!" cried Mrs. Bimmis. "It's civilization that's going to smash up. Here's this literary author that just come over from England, Mr. G. P. Bellick, and he says civilization is on the verge of—verge of—" and she looked at the paper again to make sure just what civilization was on the verge of. "On the verge of annihilation, Henry. Almost any day now civilization is going to end and Choss will rule."

"Who will?" asked Mr. Bimmis, reaching for the paper.

"It says here Choss," said Mrs. Bimmis, handing the paper to Mr. Bimmis. "I guess he's one of them China generals."

"Where does it say it?" Mr. Bimmis asked, and Mrs. Bimmis put her finger on the exact spot. "Ah!" said Mr. Bimmis; "'Chaos will rule.' That's Latin for like andarchy—Latin or French or something. Like everybody is his own boss once more."

"Well, that wouldn't be so bad, Henry," said Mrs. Bimmis. "You always wanted to be your own boss."

"Yeah? But not when this here Chaos is ruling, like the paper says," said Mr. Bimmis. For a few minutes he was silent, reading what the distinguished foreign author had said. "Yeah," he said; "I been expecting something like that would happen, the way things have been going—everybody on short time or laid off and all. It's going to be bad, I tell you."

"But—but, Henry," asked Mrs. Bimmis with real concern, "it don't mean that all civilization is going to be stopped, does it?"

"You read it right here, didn't you?" demanded Mr. Bimmis. "Civilization is going to smash up, it says."

"But don't that mean Europe and China and Russia and all those places over there? Why, look at how they're putting up all these big sky-scrapers over here, and that new face cream they just invented, and the new bus line. That don't look as if people thought civilization was going to end over here, Henry. It looks like civilization was going to go along all right over here, don't it?"

"That's all you know about it," said Henry. "You don't read the papers careful enough or you'd know better. That's why we kept out of the League of Nations, so we wouldn't be into it when it comes, but—well, you take matches, f'r instance. We got to buy matches from the Checko-Polacks, or whatever they are, so say, maybe, we send the Checko-Polacks ten million dollars a year for matches. Well, anyway, look at China and Japan. Say we get into that fight. Well, what have all them foreign nations been doing all these years but invent a new poison gas, and you drop a can of it anywheres and the whole population is wiped out. London, say, and New York. Well, out goes your electric lights and meerauding bands go over the country and the farmers don't farm any more. You can't get no food because, say, them meerauding bandits shoot the train engineers and nobody don't know how to run trains."

"Why, Henry, that's terrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Beemis.

"Sure! Ain't I just telling you? And it ain't only the literary authors say so, the political statesmen say the same thing. Everybody that comes over from Europe says so. Civilization is hanging by a string and anything can touch a match to it and blow it to nothing. Look at them Soviets, and the dole, and all. All ready to bust up any minute."

"But civilization, Henry! We've always had civilization," said Mrs. Bimmis, feeling as if an abyss had opened at her feet. "What will happen when there ain't any?"

Henry laughed bitterly.

"We all go back and be savages," he said, "like before there was any civilization. No automobiles, no ice boxes, no houses like we got now. No schools, no roads even, no gasoline. No newspapers. Yes, and no factories making clothes or anything. Savages, I tell you."

"But no houses? What would we live in, Henry?" Mrs. Bimmis asked.

THE LATE ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Caves," said Henry. "Caves, or maybe trees."

"Oh, I wouldn't like to live in a tree!" exclaimed Mrs. Bimmis. "I might fall out of a tree. I'd rather live in a cave. You could dig us a nice cave, Henry."

"Yeah; I guess so. I had a cave when I was a boy, and it wasn't so bad, except the smoke wouldn't go out of it. If all these folks got gassed to death there ought to be a lot of canned-goods around for awhile anyways until I got so I could use a bow and arrow or something."

"What would we wear?" asked Mrs. Bimmis.

"Skins, like all the savages," said Mr. Bimmis, and Mrs. Bimmis put the tip of a forefinger against her cheek and thought this over.

"I don't think I'd like that," she said. "It sounds sort of bare and chilly. Unless it was chamois skins."

"Naw, not them kind of skins," Henry explained. "Skins with the hair on, like the Eskimos wear, or the other savages. Bear skins and wolf skins and like them."

"Oh! Furs!" said Mrs. Brimmis brightly. "Why didn't you say furs, Henry? Of course, we'd wear furs, wouldn't we? Ain't I the silly?" She was silent a minute and then she asked, "Is it liable to happen right away, Henry?"

"What?" asked Henry, who was back in *Sinful Stories* again.

"The end of civilization. Is it liable to happen right away?"

"Any day," said Henry. "You're liable to wake up any morning and read about it starting in the morning paper. That's how bad this here situation is."

"Then I wonder—" began Mrs. Bimmis, and hesitated.

"What do you wonder?" asked Mr. Bimmis.

"There won't be any more motor cars? Or any gasoline? Or any roads?" Mrs. Bimmis asked.

"Just trackless forests," agreed Mr. Bimmis. "Regular savage country, like in Africa and down there in Brazil and all."

"I was thinking about furs," said Mrs. Bimmis. "I haven't a fur to my name, Henry—not even a boa. I was just wondering, Henry, if we hadn't better take the money we've been saving for a new car and get me some good furs while all these bargain sales are on. There's a coat in this morning's paper, at Grimback's, that's marked down to $189.99 that was $250. I only mean, Henry, that even if you're quick at learning to use a bow and arrow, you'd be busy quite awhile digging a cave for us, because anyway we'd want two rooms and a kitchenette, and you can always count on Grimback's furs being good. I could get the money out of the bank in the morning and go over to Grimback's before the assortment is all selected over—"

Mr. Bimmis cleared his throat. Like many of the adversity howlers he was, perhaps, inclined to speak more pessimistically than his actual belief justified. At heart, whatever the celebrated Mr. G. P. Bellick and others might say, he expected civilization to last quite a few months. He had set his heart on owning one of the snappy new six-cylinder Chermolin cars,

(*Countinued on next page*)

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE FOUNTAIN. By CHARLES MORGAN. *Knopf.*

A subtle yet intense novel, a love-story of the war, against a Dutch background.

AMERICA AS AMERICANS SEE IT. Edited by FRED. J. RINGEL. *Harcourt, Brace.*

Studies of every aspect of American life, written for foreign consumption, but no less interesting to the native born.

MEN AND MEMORIES: 1900-1922. By SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. *Coward-McCann.*

The second volume of these important and interesting memoirs of artistic and literary life.

The Saturday Review
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The Bowling Green

Human Being

XX. "HULLO, HANDSOME"

WE left Richard at Hack's Department Store in Detroit. As he made his calls on the trade that day he was enlivened by unaccountable moods of lightness. Turning a street corner in the brilliant noon he found himself laughing, he knew not why.

The pneumatic phenomenon we call laughter deserves examination. The dark theatre of the brain has apparently been wired for sound. Suddenly, like letters of Neon tubing, those nerves are lit up with an exquisite pattern of light. There seems too much air inside the body. The cheeks are tucked back, eyes narrow and widen, a gust of sound and breath is expelled. The exact details of the process vary deliciously. There are some lungs that squeak like atomizers, others exhale a deep asinine bray.

Richard's mirth was quiet, but it looked genuine. An old gentleman who saw him stopped and said, "Excuse me, but I'd like to shake hands. You're the first person I've seen smiling today." Richard was abashed and felt solemn at this. But he tried politely to keep smiling. "It just struck me that things are pretty good," he said shyly. The old man was well dressed in a neat gray overcoat, he had a gay red necktie, his soft white face was overgrown with a silver grizzle of beard. His eyes were clear, and he had one of those square-topped derbies that men do not wear until the routine problems of life have settled themselves. "What line of business are you in?" he asked. "Books," said Richard. "That's an idea," said the old gentleman; "I haven't read a good book in a long while; I'll go and buy one." Richard wanted to recommend one of his own titles, but it occurred to him that there really was nothing on the Erskine list quite good enough for so delightful a patriarch.

"The old men at the club won't talk about anything but the War," continued the stranger. "They're all very hot about it. It's nice to see somebody who can still smile."

The flags at Hack Brothers had made Richard feel patriotic. Was the old man being ironical? "I'd forgotten about the war just then," he said. "I guess we'll have to get into it, show those Germans where they get off at."

"Don't be too hard on the Germans," said the surprising ancient. "We all get off sooner or later."

He walked away, and Richard stood gazing after him. It must have been Santa Claus himself, he thought. He remembered the red tie. The word *cravat* came into his mind, but he could not remember whether a cravat is a collar or a necktie. The gallantry of human beings, he reflected; they go on tying neckties neatly right down to the edge of the grave. At his next call he surprised the first clerk he met by asking, "What is a cravat?"—They made sure of it in the Erskine Pocket Dictionary, and Richard took an order for five more copies of same.

⁂ ⁂

I hope someone—perhaps our friend Hubbard—will do justice to those seizures of felicity that are a part of living. Important books and histories of great affairs are so solemn. It has been agreed, apparently, that a great deal of life may not be recorded because it is too grotesquely funny. Here is this planet of comedians, with sleight of hand, sleight of foot, sleight of mind, but how often do you hear a ringing blast of laughter in a public library. The real gods of mirth, I suppose, don't write books. The very act of writing, a solitary and morbid task, induces peevishness. The laughers are too busy enjoying life's freaks to sit down with a pen.

I wonder what book it was that the good old chap with the red tie went and bought for himself? I hope it was Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

Let's be precise about these fits of joy. They come without reason, they don't last long, they are usually followed by Depression. Like those financial graphs that business men love, the zigzag is sharp; sometimes there seems to be a lot of zag for very little zig. But while it lasts, the zig is gorgeous. The pavement swims away behind your quickened pace. Every street is lined with irony and surprise. A news-stand of bright magazines seems as pretty as a bed of tulips. A Beauty Shoppe has golden letters on its window: *Finger Waving*, and you hope to see a white hand beckon. A starting trolley-car screams like the cry of a bull-moose: I never noticed *that* before, you say. *Your Weight Free If You Guess It* offers the sporting slot-machine, and even prints it on a card for you with an oracle. "You are not afraid of work, but you must persevere," says the safe motto. Well, I guess I do, self insists. I bet nobody perseveres more than I. Life seems desperately short for all you wish to communicate. You rush eagerly upon the arriving moment—how can I wait until the red turns green to get across the street? The belly and the members are in harmony; lovely are the faces of friends, each of their gestures richly suitable. Those faces vary from day to day, even from hour to hour, yet always somehow the right mask for that particular episode. Women's ingenious garments flutter in the fresh air of the day and enclose miracles of sculptural surmise. Firmly they clutch their little pouches of miscellany as they do their lovely sense of seriousness. Otherwise they might laugh. In this clear air this morning they seem in the optative mood. I like the way they tick their feet on the pavement. Could I stay for one tableau the hurrying feet of all the world to get the outline of their nervous or plodding grace? And the bravado of their hats! When a woman removes her hat, what a gesture of confidence it is! How much more readily she does it for men than for other women. "I like my women with their hats off," said the old French connoisseur. "Take their hats off and send 'em in, one at a time—not too fast." But what a superb sight, a woman of spirit careering along the street by herself. How intricate a fabric of schemes in her head for so plain a cycle of humors. Well, good luck to her. How much irrelevant ink has speckled her dear and frolicsome simplicity.

From these high pinnacles of the graph, the mind sees far, leaps to conclusions, looks upon glamor and finds a word for it. Let saints have their Eternity if we can have our Moments. I wouldn't trade the calm wisdom of a whole squadron of angels for that riotous illusion of adequacy that sometimes comes to the poor farcical sinner. It's grand. "Hullo, handsome," he says to himself, and almost believes it.

⁂ ⁂

So when Bessie Beaton came round to the hotel that afternoon to place her orders, Richard was feeling prime. He had expected a good, quiet session, with a chance to go over the whole list and take a liberal stock-order. But something seemed to have happened to Mrs. Beaton since the morning. Even her lovely white hair no longer had its crisp radiance of vitality. "I feel terrible," she said when she got up to his room; she sank into an armchair and groaned. "Maybe it was that shrimp mayonnaise I had for lunch."

This was disappointing; all afternoon Richard had been perfecting in his mind the talk he was going to give her on some special items. But, as any good salesman would, he considered that if he could get her mind off the shrimps and onto the Erskine line, it would help her. "Wait till I tell you about this book 'Carbon Paper,'" he said. "Bessie, this is a real story and no kidding. I've got this window cut-out for you, and I'll give you imprinted circulars or post-cards, and I've got a personal copy for you autographed by the author. Just look at that four-color jacket. We paid the artist two hundred bucks for that jacket picture alone."

He waved the book before her, and she reached for it languidly. But he was too wise to let her look at it yet: he always found he could talk about a book better if he actually held it in his hand.

"I can let you have a lot of extra jackets for display purposes," he said, "and I'll give you exclusive on that window idea, about using the carbon paper. You can cut out the title of the book in letters of carbon paper and paste it on the glass. You'll scoop the town on that display."

"Well, I should hope so," said Mrs. Beaton, feebly fighting for her rights. "It's our own idea."

"You know Hampton's been a comer for quite a while," Richard proceeded, "but in this book he really crashes through. We sent out early copies to the leading critics, and look what they say. I've got their letters here in this folder. Here's proof of our advertising lay-out on this book. This is the copy we're going to use here in Detroit on publication date."

"Twenty-five," said Mrs. Beaton.

"Bessie," he said solemnly, "I wouldn't be fair to you if I accepted an order like that. You'd be out of the book day after publication, and your customers going to other stores to get their copies."

"Well, then give me twenty-five more on consignment," said Bessie. "You're trying to take advantage of these shrimps. Really, Richard, I feel sick, I think I'll have to lie down a while."

A travelling man is ready for any emergency. Richard helped her onto the bed, put a blanket over her.

"I'm terribly sorry, Bessie. Shall I call a doctor?"

"No, no, I'll be all right," she said. "My own fault. I was up late last night, washing my hair—I wanted to look nice at the party this evening. I was late this morning, didn't have any breakfast, then I ate that junk for lunch. I think maybe if I could have a little brandy."

Richard sent down for a bottle. "Now listen," he said. "I've got some tablets here, something Herman Schmaltz gave me. It's just the thing to pull you together. He always uses them after a bad night; they're fine except for a bad heart. Is your heart all right?"

"It always has been," she said faintly. "People take advantage of it sometimes."

He gave her two of the tablets in a dose of brandy. "Now you take a nice little rest and you'll feel fine. I'll go out for a walk and come back later. No one will bother you here."

"No, I feel better," she insisted. "Go on, tell me some more about those damned books. It'll do me good just to contradict you in my mind."

⁂ ⁂

She lay listening while Richard harangued her over the footboard of the bed. Occasionally she sighed deeply, but whether this was due to some ptomaine twinge or to his attempt to get quantities, he could not tell. Then he saw that she was asleep. He hung the sign PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB on the door-knob, tiptoed out, and went to a concealed corner of the lobby to write up his day's batch of orders for Miss Mac in the New York office.

So it happened that Daisy Erskine, arriving in Detroit unexpectedly that evening (to attend some congress of poets), learned from the register that Richard's room was on the same floor as her own. She telephoned his number, having business instructions for him from the office. After a long delay an answer came, unmistakably feminine and apparently weakened by debauch. The tremulous quality of the voice Daisy interpreted as furtive. "Who wants him?" said the voice. "This is Mrs. Erskine," cried Daisy angrily.

"My God," said the stricken Bessie and struggled to escape. Her heart was intrepid, but the tablets had been too strong for it. She was still sitting dizzily on the edge of the bed when Daisy appeared. The notice on the knob seemed to Daisy the final evidence of illicit impudence. Do Not Disturb, indeed!—what are salesmen for but to be disturbed? She flung open the unlocked door. An aroma of cognac, a dishevelled lady tottering from a tumbled bedside, made cynical contrast with poor Richard's conscientious display of books and posters on the dressing table. "So this is what we hire salesmen for," cried Daisy. "At least I should think they'd pick someone their own age." When Bessie collapsed on the floor it was evident that she was really ill. Richard was summoned from the desk, and took her home in a taxi. "I can't manage that dinner tonight," said poor Bessie. "You go in my place; you'll have to look after Miss Hutzler; I was taking her as my guest."

Richard's explanation to Mrs. Erskine was polite and reasonable, but Daisy was convinced—and hastened to inform the office—that their salesman must have given Mrs. Beaton knockout drops with sinister purpose. "Fine," said vulgar Sam; "if they'd do it to buyers more often we'd all cut a melon." But Bessie never forgave Daisy some of her remarks. It was not even the allusions to white hair that rankled most, but the suggestion of drugs. "If I really like a man," said Bessie, "he won't need to dope me."

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Civilization Smashes Up

(Continued from preceding page)

his five-year-old Chermolin having become a practical wreck.

"Hello!" he said suddenly, picking up the evening newspaper. "I didn't notice this. They've got Bretta Barbo in Swanky Hearts at the Palazzo tonight."

"Henry, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bimmis, reaching for the paper. "Oh, I've wanted to see her in that ever since it was in New York!"

"If I can get the old bus started we c make the first show," said Mr. Bimm looking at his watch. "Hustle and get yo hat on, lady. I'll go out and see if I c... get some life in the bus."

"They say it's her best picture since Shameful Glory," said Mrs. Bimmis, but she was already on her way out of the room, and we should all be grateful to Mr. Bimmis for his happy thought, since it gave civilization a continued existence, if only a temporary one, which is more than the distinguished author, Mr. G. F. Bellick, would have granted it.

Ellis Parker Butler is a novelist and humorist of national repute. He is the author among numerous other works of "Pigs Is Pigs," "Swatty," and "The Behind Legs of the 'Orse."

The death of Lady Gregory, co-founder of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and prominent in the Celtic Renaissance, removes a great contemporary literary figure. She was one of a brilliant group of writers. In 1911 she brought the Irish National Players to America. She translated many books of Irish folk-tales. She was a great friend and inspirer of the greatest modern Irish poet, William Butler Yeats. She survived many a battle for the production of original works of genius in spite of the stupidity of audience and authorities. Her home Coole Park, in Galway, should still remain a Mecca for all who truly honor Irish Literature, of which she represented the finest flower. She promoted, indeed, all Ireland's native arts.

John Masefield, England's Poet Laureate, has announced a Festival for the speaking of original tales in verse, to be held at Boar's Hill on October 5th. He has invited English poets of not more than forty years of age to send in original poems. The poems must be stories in verse of not less than 4,000 words in length, not yet published or performed. The manuscripts must be received between August 20th and September 1st, 1932. Mr. Masefield has for sometime encouraged verse-speaking in public.

Douglas Cleverdon, of 18 Charlotte Street, Bristol, England, has announced the first edition of "Two Letters to Marion from Lewis Carroll, with two silhouettes by him." The little book is but eight pages and the price five shillings.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Marxist Science

SCIENCE AT THE CROSS ROADS. By A GROUP OF RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS. Kniga. 1931. In New York at Ankniga, 258 Fifth Ave. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

ENGELS, standing in Highgate Cemetery by the open grave of Karl Marx, formulated the materialist conception of history in a single sentence. He spoke of "the simple fact hitherto hidden under ideological overgrowths, that above all things men must eat, drink, dress, and find shelter, before they can give themselves to politics, science, religion or anything else." Since that day, the doctrine has ramified notoriously, and the non-Marxian is often unable to foresee where it will pop up next.

And now half a dozen contemporary, red-hot applications of the "M. C. H." have been formulated in a challenging symposium which has reached England from Soviet Russia.

"God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light." Perhaps. But were Newton's inquiries into the laws of energy and the motions of heavenly bodies in fact dictated by the demand of newly rich merchants for solutions of sundry problems of navigation, for better charts, and larger ships? Can his famous belief in a First Cause really be traced to the fact that Isaac Newton was a gentleman—with one foot in a still feudal hierarchy?

Today the apparatus of Millikan, in so immeasurably widening our sensual capacities, has perhaps changed a whole world of thought, poetry and all, while the world of physics has been permanently modified by Einstein's speculations.

Was it really some problem in production or distribution that (almost certainly unknown to Millikan or Einstein) originally posed the questions that they have answered? Did man found society and incidentally history, "much as he might have founded a chess club, with no other premise than a social contract"?

Those who (like the present writer) have lately made a habit of visiting Soviet Russia, have been aware that Russian scientists are talking about what they call "the crisis in bourgeois mathematics" and see special significance in the growth say of a vitalist school of biology in the west. Again, in the current attitude to literature, something new is obviously growing up. That Marxists might take a practical (sometimes an abhorrently practical) view of the task of contemporary letters was, of course, to be expected—that would clearly go with the new enthusiams for the tractor, for the industrialisation of this, that, and the other. But apart from that, a great deal of new work is being done in literary history and criticism—Tolstoy, Gogol, Dostoyevski, and Tchekov are all being studied, and studied as figures as vitally interesting and even often as venerable to the present-day Russian, as to us.

Even with a fair idea of the sort of lines along which a belief in historical and dialectical materialism is likely to lead a critic, it has hitherto been very difficult for the onlooker to arrive at anything more definite than this general idea that there was "something up."

And now, at any rate in the scientific field, "Science at the Cross Roads" gives a detailed answer to the question of what this something might be. The book came to be written in this way. A party of delegates from the U. S. S. R., headed by Bukharin, attended an international conference held in London on the History of Science. They supposed that an international conference would be like a Russian scientific conference, and each delegate prepared a fully documented paper which he proposed to read. The time table forbade the delivery of all, or of nearly all, these papers *in extenso*. Fortunately the printing press was called in and (hastily, and sometimes almost incomprehensibly translated) the unread or only summarised papers were printed at length.

Those that have perhaps attracted the most attention in England have been Bukharin's introduction, Zavadovsky's paper on "The 'Physical' and 'Biological' in the Process of Organic Evolution," Colman's on "The Present Crisis in the Mathematical Science," and, most elaborate, longest, and best documented of all, Professor Hessen's detailed analysis of "The Social and Economic Roots of Newton's *'Principia.'*"

What strikes the reader first is that Professor Hessen knows his history (understands for example the peculiar part played by The Levellers, and knows a great deal about Overton).

There is not space here to do justice to his argument but very briefly, he applies with great skill to Newton a fundamental Marxian principle. The opinions, conclusions and field of action (though not the genius) of a scientist or a writer are, he says, determined not by another such thing as fixations or any other psychological factors, but by (a) the means of production current at the period in which he lives, (b) that particular individual's place in the social structure. The result in the case of Newton of an analysis on such lines is challenging and provocative in the extreme.

"Science at the Cross Roads" is being read by most of the alert young scientists in England, and provides material for many a Senior Common Room discussion, at any rate in the younger universities. It is very much to be hoped that some sort of literary companion volume will soon be produced, for whether we agree, or do not agree, with such doctrines, they certainly bring with them eager freshness in debate. It is long since an original voice has been raised in the discussion of esthetics, even though there are few who are satisfied with the present state of the esthetic theory. If the modern Russians write thus rousingly about the history of science, it will be exciting to see the same type of analysis applied to the great figures of Russian literature. This work has apparently been done. Why has none of it yet been made available for the English speaking reader?

Catholicism

THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By PAUL ELMER MORE. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1931. $4.

By the late B. W. BACON

IN this little volume the well-known Platonist, author of a series of volumes on "The Greek Tradition from the Death of Socrates to the Council of Chalcedon" offers his individual solution to the problem outlined some ten years ago by Dr. Newman Smythe under the provocative title "Passing Protestantism, Coming Catholicism." Agitation ceased when it was discovered that for "Catholicism" one should read "Catholicity."

According to Dr. More, "the normal end of Protestant theology is a cold and irreligious rationalism or a vapid sentimentalism." He is willing to admit that a few mystics, such as Whittier two generations ago and Rufus M. Jones in our own, have a flavor of religion in them without being vapid sentimentalists; but they lack the "authority" of a corporate institution. They are individualists. Dean Inge and the late Archbishop Söderblom, who cannot be said to fall short in this respect, and who have at least equal claims to scholarship with Doctor More, must be "cold and irreligious rationalists," with which destructive group should then be classed also Albrecht Schweitzer; for none of these is any less opposed than More himself to the fundamentalist authority of Rome or that of the Princetonian biblicists.

According to More, theology in our time is confronted, by the appalling alternative of despotism (prelatical or demagogic) on the one side *vs.* chaotic individualism on the other. His remedy is a *tertium quid*, an "authoritative" Church which is not "absolute." The tragedy of present-day religion is "The Demon of the Absolute." "The zealot who forces upon hesitant doubters the harsh and false dilemma of submission to an infallible Church or of irresponsible individualism, and who repudiates any notion of authority between despotism and anarchy, has simply signed the death warrant of organized Christianity."

There is much truth in this warning and much occasion for it in the two opposing types of religious absolutism. But he who carries his own individualism to the extreme of an indictment of the Protestant principle of the right of Private Judgment as inevitably leading to "a cold and irreligious rationalism or a vapid sentimentalism" shows greater rashness than he who merely "indicts a nation." He ignores the steady progress of Protestant orthodoxy toward *responsible* control, a constitutional system to replace both types of irresponsibility. The authority of the expert will be needed to study the history of religion in all its manifestations as More has himself studied the religious tradition of India and Greece. But the expert will offer his conclusions on the merits of the evidence. Here is authority sufficient to conserve the liberty of the religious instinct in our own time within the limits of past experience and contemporary aspiration. True, this authority also has its dangers. Witness that scribism in revolt against which Christianity had its origin. But the Church which built upon the democracy of the Synagogue retained the germs of protest against Jewish biblicism and will know how to overcome modern religious dictatorships, whether of prelate or proletariat.

Doctor More supports his thesis by a series of five essays reflecting his own studies in the history of Indian, Greek, and Hellenistic religious thought. The first, "Buddhism and Christianity," sets in instructive contrast the atheistic and nihilistic revolt of Gotama against Hindu polytheism and the revolt of Jesus against the scribal interpretation of Old Testament religion. Jesus's conception: Good life, more and more abundant through the goodness of a fatherly Creator, does indeed stand religiously at the opposite pole from Buddha's, whatever the agreement in ethics. It has taken and will retain world leadership. The second essay gives More's interpretation of "The Creeds" as reflections of Hellenistic theology. Historic accommodation is properly urged, but the interpretation would be better for large knowledge of the Semitic background. The three essays which follow interpret similarly "The Eucharistic Sacrament," "The Church," and "Christian Mysticism." The five as a whole offer what Doctor More regards as the continuity of Christian thought. This turns out, however, to be much the same thing as the continuity of Greek thought.

The undoubted value of this little work within the field of historical inquiry where its author is an acknowledged expert is unfortunately marred by his ignoring (if not his ignorance) of the results of historical inquiry in fields where he is something less. In the interpretation of Christianity knowledge of Jewish religious thought in the first century is at least as important as knowledge of medieval attempts to combine it with Platonic and Aristotelian philosophies. But our author wastes no time on historical criticism or interpretation of the Gospel records. He repels what he designates the Protestant (meaning the Zwinglian) doctrine of the Eucharist by saying: "It is neither logical nor consistent to celebrate the Holy Communion as a Christian while disclaiming the significance of that rite as it must have been felt by Christ and his disciples." His "must have been" would carry more weight if it did not ignore the Petrine tradition of the Supper, as reported in Lk. 22:14-20 (shorter text), a tradition supported by other witnesses such as the primitive liturgy of *Didache*, to follow the super-imposed longer text which introduces I Cor. 11:24f. Sweeping generalities, such as "no student familiar with the mentality of the Hellenistic age can reasonably doubt" that Jesus intended to institute "a sacramental mystery of some kind," cannot take the place of critical research. Neither is the historian at liberty to choose at random between parallels such as the Matthean and Lukan version of the Beatitudes, or to expound Mt. 5:8 in a medieval instead of a biblical sense.

Arguments based on alleged sayings of Jesus quoted indiscriminately from the fourth and the Synoptic Gospels, as if each had equal historical support and were equally meant to reproduce words actually uttered, will be no less futile with modern scholars. To ignore the distinction recognized here since the days of Clement of Alexandria and admitted by the most conservative champion of Johannine authorship, may affront "cold and irreligious rationalism" but does not promote real catholicity.

We are told that at Princeton it is difficult to maintain the proposition that Jesus was a Jew because it is so well known "that his Father was a Presbyterian." Nevertheless the proposition is correct and has a very direct bearing on the origin and nature of the Catholic faith. Conditions and beliefs of the first century in Palestine have also something to say toward the Catholic faith, though we do not undervalue the contributory importance of the Greek tradition.

Benjamin W. Bacon, whose recent death removed from the field of religious studies one of the outstanding American authorities on the New Testament and Pauline literature, has been a frequent and highly-valued contributor to the Saturday Review *for years.*

World Impressions

MEN ON THE HORIZON. By GUY MURCHIE, JR. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company. 1932.

Reviewed by LUCILLE DOUGLASS

PEOPLE view the world from different angles and their impressions register accordingly. We have had the records of other youths just out of college, who have set forth penniless to see the world, to satisfy the urge for adventure. Some have returned with marvelous tales, which have gained applause from the multitudes and fat contracts from the lecture managers. Young Mr. Murchie, if in these days of sophistication one can be called young at twenty-two, was not seeking adventure of the lurid type when, with Harvard behind him, he set forth on the great quest. It was rather to satisfy an inward curiosity as to the motivation of alien peoples, to see them in their native habitat. The result of this journeying is a sincere and meticulous diary, written simply but with a clarity of style that is very readable. His pictorial impressions are characteristic pen and ink sketches.

In seeking the answer to his questions, Mr. Murchie followed the undercurrents that flow in the sluggish waters of humanity's undertow. His impressions of the different countries are gathered from his associates in boiler rooms, from the gambling sailors in the foc'sles, in Alaskan and Japanese jails, licentious bars in Kobe, fourth-class Chinese trains, beach combers in Hawaii, and Farmer's Homes in Moscow. The scraps of conversation quoted may add to the local color, but not to the relish of the reader.

Mr. Murchie sets down his facts in compact presentation, with a close observance of the trivialities which impress most tourists, but he has missed the deep understanding of the fundamentals and their influence on present-day conditions. This is especially true of the Far East. The chapter on Japan, which is the high spot of the book, is mainly given over to the curious processes of bathing and their "almost maniacal" national patriotism.

Mr. Murchie evidently wrote this book before the recent unpleasantness in Manchuria—and Shanghai.

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Points of View

"Poetry"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

No doubt you have seen the April issue of *Poetry,* in which Miss Harriet Monroe throws a challenge into the arena of American art. But in case you have not, you should be told of it, so that the *Saturday Review* can help if possible.

It seems that unless a sufficient sum is guaranteed for the continuance of *Poetry,* it will have to die with the present volume. The hard times and deaths among the guarantors have so diminished the magazine's income that it no longer can be carried on unless the deficit is corrected. Miss Monroe is more than willing to stop, but there has been such a storm of protest (accompanied by nothing more substantial than words) that she has sounded an S O S to those who want her to go on.

If after twenty years of unequalled service to poets and the public, *Poetry* is allowed to die for lack of $3,500 a year, it will be a terrible criticism of the American literary world. I am not writing this as spokesman for either Miss Monroe or her periodical, but as a very humble contributor and subscriber who is determined to do everything in her power to stop this catastrophe. Can't you do something to help? MARY N. S. WHITELEY.

Washington, D. C.

Time Tables

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

At last I have found someone who can see some sense to that great book "The Railway Guide." It used to be my bible and many are the hours I have spent studying it. Mr. Morley's article in the Bowling Gren has found at least one appreciative reader.

Do you happen to know that the Maryland and Pennsylvania is affectionately called the Ma and Pa?

And speaking of railroads which don't go near one or more of the towns for which they are named there is the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk (commonly the Nipanden) which starts at Delmar, Delaware (on the Maryland line) and ends at Cape Charles, Virginia. Also the Chicago Rock Island and Pacific which ends at Santa Rosa, New Mexico. And one road for which I have always felt a great affection—the Ouannah, Acme, and Pacific which is, as I remember about 90 miles long and is located somewhere in south Texas near the gulf. With what high hopes must that road have started its career!

Some time ago you mentioned the Youghiogheny in one of your Bowling Greens. Does the Railway Guide still give the Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Youghiogheny a separate existence? It is a part of the New York Central system.

And in closing I would call your attention to the Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods Railway — "America's Greatest One-Day Trip. The Crookedest Railroad in the world. Twelve miles from San Francisco, no cogs, no cables, steepest grade 7 per cent."

Have you ever traveled on the poor old Erie and passed through Horseheads and Painted Post, N. Y.? Those towns always seemed to me to be more suited to the wild and woolly open spaces of this great Southwest!

Again I say three cheers for the man who can see the romance of the Railway Guide and also can write most delightfully about it. WILLIAM CHAUVENEL.

Santa Fe, N. M.

The Exploring Racket

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Now that exploring has become a "racket," and the writing about it a source of income for the facile scribbler in pseudo-science, who supplies an alternative to the readers gorged with best sellers, the encountering of one more of the Wonder Tales occasions no surprise; but it is a matter for astonishment to find a recently published book by F. A. Mitchell-Hedges favorably reviewed by reputable journals, though damned by *The Saturday Review.*

Of course, at present, the Maya graft is being worked industriously by every writer who takes the tourist route through Central America. No doubt Mr. Mitchell-Hedges and his traveling companion visited some of the ruins known to Dr. Gann, but his references to the vast unbroken jungle stretching through the less known parts of Guatemala, San Salvador (actually the capital city of the republic of El Salvador), Spanish Honduras, and Nicaragua to Panama, would give a moment's passing amusement to the coffee and sugar planters, the cattle owners, the politicians, soldiers, and adventurers of all races, who in addition to the native Indian, have passed their lives in this region since the time of the Conquistadores, and particularly to those of the present inhabitants who saw the expedition traversing so much of the jungle by motor, chair-car, and steamship. If Qurigua and Totonicapan are jungles, so is Bronx Park. The former is passed by the railroad from here to Puerto Barrios, and the latter can be reached by motor car in a few hours.

Santiago Volcano is a small crater near Managua, and the journey to the top takes two or three hours by motor, followed by an hour or two on horseback.

Finally, the Nicaragua revolution to which reference is made, was viewed by the Mitchell-Hedges party from a distance of several hundred miles, in the capital city of Managua, where they were lodged at the principal hotel, and were entertained by the President at a tea dance. The most revolutionary activity they saw was the sewering and paving of the city, then being initiated under the writer's direction.

Very sincerely,
HENRY WELLES DURHAM.

Guatemala City.

What He Bought

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Since you seem to be interested in book prices, sales, authors, and what not and since you appear to desire the truth and nothing but the truth, I am giving you herewith my "buying reactions" to a recent, number of the *Review*—an ultimate consumer speaks!

These are the books I wanted: "Chaos Is Come Again," "Hopi Girl," "Flesh Is Heir," "Boomerang," "Unicorn," "Fathers of the People," "Unclay," "1919," "A Glastonbury Romance," and "Two Living and One Dead." These are the books I actually bought; "Fathers of the People," "Unclay," "1919," "A Glastonbury Romance," and "Two Living and One Dead." Five selected and five rejected. Why?

Price. Two dollars and fifty cents should purchase a worthwhile book. A book that you can enjoy, keep and read again. Today, two dollars and fifty cents should purchase only quality in the book business. Applying the theory of price, and of lasting qualities, "Chaos" was discarded as unimportant; "Hopi Girl" as not worth the price; "Flesh Is Heir," too expensive for that sort of stuff; "Boomerang" and "Unicorn," too much for two hours of romance.

"Fathers of the People" was purchased because of its author; any book by any Powys is automatically purchased by me because I like them and dare to believe them important. "1919" stayed because I like Dos Passos and refuse to wait for the dollar edition; "Glastonbury Romance" may be the book we've all been waiting for during these three dreary publishing months. So it stayed. Besides, it was by another Powys! "Two Living and One Dead" may be important and I still like hard-boiled Swedes!

Those are "consumer facts," pleasant and unpleasant. Today, the consumer cannot keep pace with the publishers. When you started your campaign, we hoped that a lower price would maintain if for no other purpose than to restrain the publishers. We thought—in our ignorance, that if publishers had to get out large editions in order to make a profit, they would be a little more careful about what they published. We even thought they'd give up "me tooing" by publishing "similar books" whenever a hit does appear!

Seriously, the book business may be deflated in sales and profits, but until it can deflate its production of just books, books, and more books, it will continue to so far outstrip the income of the consumer of books that its future may well be worse than its immediate past and present.

Very truly yours,
HARRY R. WELLMAN.

Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance, Dartmouth College.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

Another volume of the highly important *British Documents on the Origins of the War:* 1898-1914, edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley, has just appeared. This is Volume Seven on the Agadir Crisis and in its documentation may be regarded as definitive. (British Library of Information, 270 Madison Avenue, New York City. $4). . . . Two more interesting textbooks have just appeared, the first *A History of the Novel in England,* by Robert Morss Lovett and Helen Sard Hughes. (Houghton Mifflin. $3.25) begins with Elizabethan fiction and comes down to *Ulysses.* There is a bibliography and the general purpose of the book is to bring out the relation of the novel to the interests and attitudes of successive ages. . . . The other text, *Types and Times in the Essay,* selected and arranged by Warren Taylor, (Harper. $2) seems to be an interesting and valuable book for the study of the essay in all its types. It includes a prefatory essay on the essay and then groups of famous essays classified with two or three particularly interesting sections, one consisting of essays and letters on the art of writing, the letters having been written for this book by a group of British and American contemporary authors. The section called Essays on College Matters, and the section Essays in American Life and Problems, are also fresh and interesting. . . . Among miscellaneous books should be noted *From Intellect to Intuition,* by Alice A. Bailey, (Lucis Publishing Co., New York), a study of the philosophy and practice of meditation; also *China Speaks: On the Conflict Between China and Japan,* by Chih Meng, Associate Director of the China Institute in America, (Macmillan, $1.50); and in very different fields another of those contributions to what might be called practical and immediate sociology which the University of Chicago has been publishing. This book is called *The Taxi-Dance Hall: A Sociological Study in Commercialized Recreation and City Life,* by Paul G. Cressey (University of Chicago Press. $3). The author says, "the taxi-dance hall before summarily dismissed from thought as 'a den of iniquity' should be analyzed in terms of the human relationships which it fosters." . . . Last in this group is *The History of Pestilence:* (1625) by George Wither, edited by J. Milton French (Harvard University Press. $2.50). George Wither's poem on the dreadful year 1625, through most of which England was manuscript. . . . Sir Josiah Stamp has written a little book of primer size called *The Financial Aftermath of War* (Scribner. $1.75). Some authoritative economists, at least, do not think highly of it. . . . Those interested in what some people call the new softness of hard scientists will wish to see *The Religion of Scientists* edited by C. L. Drawbridge (Macmillan. $1.25) which contains recent opinions expressed by two hundred Fellows of the Royal Society on the subject of religion and theology. . . . Important essays on Judaism will be found in *Judaism at Bay* by Horace M. Kallen, an authority on that subject (Bloch Publishing Co.). . . . Geology has, for all those who once studied it, a lasting fascination. A good book, scholarly but written with sufficient simplicity to instruct the general reader and abundantly illustrated, is *A Textbook of Geology. Part* 1. *Physical Geography,* by Professors Longwell, Knopf, and Flint of Yale University. (John Wiley & Sons.) Such a book should be read before any extended mountain expedition. . . . The sixth volume of the *Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies* (Vassar College) contains scholarly articles of a remarkably high standing considering the age of the writers and covering a wide field through Greek, literature, physiology, and economics. Particularly interesting is Betty Frey's study of the archæological basis for some of the more important Arthur stories. . . . The Yale University Press has published the text of Cennino Cennini's *Libro del'Arte,* edited by Daniel V. Thompson, Jr., a guide to the materials and practice of painting and allied operations written by a painter of the fifteenth century. . . . In lighter fields, William O. Inglis's *Champions Off Guard* (Vanguard. $3) contains intimate reminiscences of John O'Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jim Corbett, and Alexander Powell's *Undiscovered Europe* (Washburn. $3) is a pleasing description of Luxemburg, Lithuania, Esthonia, Andorra, and Albania. . . . Only Publishers and booksellers will presumably be concerned with *The American Book Trade Directory for* 1932 (R. R. Bowker Co.), but for them it will be indispensable. . . . Frederick B. Fisher's *That Strange Little Brown Man, Gandhi* (Ray Long & Richard Smith. $2.50) contains additional evidence of Gandhi's dependance upon Thoreau for some of his formative ideas: "On that balmy night, not so long ago, when Gandhi was arrested and taken from his bed on the roof of a Bombay house, it was discovered that he had on the table at his bedside a copy of Henry Thoreau's *Essay on Civil Disobedience.*" . . . The last in the series of books attacking and defending Mr. Hoover's record as a mining engineer, a business man, and as the head of the Belgian Relief, has just appeared. It is called *The Truth About Hoover* and is written by Herbert Corey (Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50). Arthur Train's little book, *The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover* (John Day. $1) effectively disposed of the charges against Mr. Hoover's conduct of the Belgian Relief and made clear that the defamatory books published previously were crowded with mis-statements. As several authorities of judgment pointed out, however, the controversy over his conduct of the Eastern mines was not so easy to handle. Train made clear certain obvious errors in the aforesaid books of scandal, but did not have sufficient specific knowledge of a subject remote in distance and in time to upset all the charges. Mr. Corey has assembled much more evidence in support of Mr. Hoover's actions in the East. It is unnecessary to go further in comment on the rather absurd charges against Hoover's later career, but the questions arising from the mine scandals are interesting and we hope later to have a competent mining engineer analyze and explain Mr. Corey's strong defense. Such an analysis is particularly needed, in all fairness, at the present time.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

A NUMBER of readers have noticed, and remarked on, the gay little aquatic window-display in a restaurant in the building of the St. James Hotel, on 45th Street, West of 6th Avenue. Beside a small ornamental pond bask two tiny mermaids, one green an one blue, in attitudes of allure. We regard these as symbolic of our own fisc mermaids who have occasionally bee mentioned in this department. Pilgrims t that part of 45th Street will also be sure to look at Uncle Sam's umbrella shop nearby, where Charley Chaplin's flexible canes are made. There is always much of interest to see on 45th Street, including a tavern hung with the originals of Ripley cartoons. Old Quercus used to think of offering a free renewal of subscription for the best descriptive essay written about 45th Street. But the theme is so alluring he wants to keep it for himself, and very likely the subscriber would renew anyhow.

One of the very pleasantest loitering places in a warm lunch hour is the back garden of the Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47. Passing through that excellent bookshop you find yourself in a large courtyard, with tables and flowers and brightly painted boxes of second-hand books like those along the Seine. There is even a sort of old barn in the yard where books can be studied during a shower. One litterateur in the neighborhood likes to bring his luncheon sandwich and cold canteen into the courtyard and look over the books while he chaws. If he drops crumbs in a book he always buys it, as a matter of courtesy.

In his excellent talk at the recent booksellers' convention in New York, Dr. Larry Gould, geologist of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, reported that the most read book in the library taken to the South Polar regions was *Green Mansions.* The three authors most favored by this group of 42 men locked up in the ice were Donn Byrne, Joseph C. Lincoln, and Mark Twain.

As graduation present, don't forget First Editions. Looking over a number of current catalogues I find two firsts listed by Alfred Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, that seem very reasonable. Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone* (London, 1896) at $3.00 and Bret Harte's *Tales of the Argonauts* (Boston, 1875) at $4.00. These prices are typical of the bargains that alert browsers can pick up nowadays. This is going to be the best summer that ever was for the intelligent book-hunter. In years to come, how we shall brag of our finds.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

PETRARCH'S "RIMES"

HAVING had Joseph Auslander's translations of *The Sonnets of Petrarch* in 1931 from the firm of Longmans, Green, I now discover the *Love Rimes of Petrarch* translated by Morris Bishop and decorated by Alison Mason Kingsbury, come from the Dragon Press of Ithaca, N. Y. (240 Linden Avenue). Mr. Bishop is no such poet in his own right as is Mr. Auslander, and his few chosen "rimes," as compared with Mr. Auslander's exhaustive translation of the sonnets, seem rather flat. Years ago Agnes Tobin did beautiful translations from Petrarch. She was a California poet of a distinction that few seem today to remember; and now, unfortunately I have not her work by me to which to refer. Her dedicatory sonnet to her translations is one of the finest sonnets it seems to me that has been written in America. Being no scholar of Italian I cannot comment upon Mr. Bishop's abiding by the letter; only it seems to me that his translations do not sufficiently recreate the distinct and individual flavor that must have been in Petrarch's beautiful verse. In the foreword to his own volume, Mr. Auslander soundly quoted from Dante Gabriel Rossetti's preface to his translations of the *Early Italian Poets*, that "The life-blood of rhymed translation is this—that a good poem should not be turned into a bad one." That is, surely, the root of the matter.

AS TO TRANSLATORS

How many translations of French and German poetry do we not, for instance, come across in libraries where, no matter how literally the translator may have followed the text, the flow of the verse, the freshness of the imagery, the particular quality lent by the original language to the sound of syllables and what Edward Roland Sill anglicized from the German as the "Clang-Tint" of words, seems to have been worked into some utterly stale and unprofitable equivalent. When I first read Francis Thompson's translations of Victor Hugo's poetry for instance, after ploughing through some of the bald and uninspired stuff that passes for translation among schoolmen, I was amazed. It may be that Thompson produced a different Hugo from the original, but he certainly produced poetry of remarkable quality. And that to me is by far the more important thing: to give us some actual hint of the man's greatness. Translation, of course, offers any number of difficulties, as has been often said. There are no equivalents in English for certain expressions in a foreign language, and vice versa. Poetry, that depends so particularly upon the evocative power of metre and rhyme and even of syllabification, is particularly hard to transpose into another tongue. One reaches only an approximation, at best. But there, I think, is where a poet of distinction turned translator has the advantage. Once he has absorbed the effect that the original produced upon his senses he can work the content of the poem into a transposition that loses less of the quality of the original than it easily might. Mr. Bishop's work seems to me dignified, but to lack, for the most part, that alchemy—rare enough, I grant. However, he has merits. I quote what seems to me one of the best of his translations:

Life hurries on, a frantic refugee,
And Death, with great forced marches, follows fast;
And all the present leagues with all the past
And all the future to make war on me.
Anticipation joins to memory
To search my soul with daggers; and at last,
Did not damnation set me so aghast,
I'd put an end to thinking, and be free.
The few glad moments that my heart has known
Return to me; then I foresee in dread
The winds upgathering against my ways,
Storm in the harbor, and the pilot prone,
The mast and rigging down; and dark and dead
The lovely lights whereon I used to gaze.

THE GYPSY TONGUE

In his *Romani Poems* (Oxford University Press), John Sampson presents the songs he sang to the Gypsy guitar both in the original Gypsy language and in the English equivalent. He claims in his short foreword that "Rarely, indeed, does one meet with an ancient and synthetic language which has remained so fresh and unsophisticated, and so entirely unfettered by any literary tradition: small wonder then if I succumbed to its charm and magic." He also says, however, that his poems are no translations, "and I fear that the English rendering can convey to the Reader but little of the spirit and sound of the original verse." He does not claim most of them to be specifically Gypsy in thought and feeling; some are adaptations from German, Spanish, and Latin sources. Opposite each poem in Romany is set its English equivalent, usually in prose. But at the end of the little book there is an interesting reversal, as Robert Burns's "MacPherson's Farewell" and a song of Mary Coleridge's are turned into Romany, with the exact form retained; and by reading forth and back one may gain some slight idea of the differences in sound at least. Some of the other poems have a pleasing mischief. "The Apotheosis of Augustus John" (who furnishes a charming frontispiece in colored chalk to the volume) is one example of this. Another is "Nether Things." The ballad of Count Arnaldos is most graceful. It is a variant of the Spanish ballad that James Elroy Flecker adapted so beautifully in his "Lord Arnaldos," except that Flecker's hero "on the Evening of St. John" met with the sailor of a magical ship, and Sampson's Count "on the morning of St. John," a girl in a Gypsy van. Both made the same answer however to the plea as to what they were singing; for they would only tell their song to the one who went away with them.

RELIGIOUS VERSE

Mary Dixon Thayer, the author of *Songs Before the Blessed Sacrament* (Macmillan) has written verse and short stories since 1915, and produced a novel. Furthermore, she received for her verse the Contemporary Verse prize in 1924 and th Browning Medal in 1925. To the general public she is probably best known as standing thirteenth in the National Tennis Ranking for 1928 and holding the tennis championship of Pennsylvania and the Eastern United States for 1927. Her poetry is deeply imbued with Catholicism. She leads a remarkable combination of the active and the contemplative life. But in this particular book of poems is expressed a single devotion, to the Lord of her religion only. The sincerity of the utterance is obvious, the nature of it entire abnegation before the supernal Lover.

Pour down, O healing Light, into my mind
And tyrannize, O Love, over this heart—
For in all learning I have learned to find
That truth, Beloved, is but where Thou art.

Therefore her work must be judged solely as devotional poetry. It is not great devotional poetry. It says the same thing in various ways, burns with intensity, has lyrical movement, but no great command of language. Nor, I think, does the poet care, so long as she may express, however simply, her adoration. Hers is an entirely cloistral attitude of mind.

TWO WOMEN POETS

Two other small books of poems by women, one, *Paduan November and Other Poems*, from Basil Blackwell at Oxford, and the other *Verses: Second Book*, from Humphrey Milford of the Oxford University Press, serve merely to remind me of the many books of verse of about this same level which I have looked through in the past decade. Mrs. Lorna de Lucchi, evidently an Englishwoman married to an Italian, is the author of the first and the better poet of the two. She is graceful and cultivated, but no more. Miss Elizabeth Daryush, author of the other book, has published one former little volume. The work of both women derives from second-rate work of the past, without evincing any particular individuality.

Trade Winds

(*Continued from preceding page*)

The New York Times reports that John Caples of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, author of *Tested Advertising Methods* (Harpers) "declares that the average American is approximately 13 years old mentally, and that words not in a 13-year-old's vocabulary are virtually worthless in advertising. In writing advertising copy, Mr Caples advises, use words you would expect to find in a 5th grade reader He also warns against attempts at humor Of the 120,000,000 people in the United States, less than half have a sense of humor"

❧ ❧

Per contra, Kenneth Collins of R. H. Macy & Co., in *The Road to Good Advertising* (Greenberg; what dull titles these Big Shots use for their books) welcomes a grin now and then in his copy. "People will think all the better of our merchandise if we have the good judgment to treat it lightly and entertainingly."

❧ ❧

There's going to be a lot of reading done this summer; even more than usual. And I think people's minds are turning toward some of the older books, the tried and proven stuff, things they always intended to read but never got round to. Putnam's Bookstore tells me they've had a surprising number of calls for Marx's *Capital*. I myself have a considerable yen to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall:* there may be analogies between what happened to Rome and what's happening to us. Suppose (just for the sake of supposing) that you knew this summer was going to be the last chance you'd ever have: what books that you'd never read would you want to try?

❧ ❧

How pleasant to find, in Mr. O'Malley's second-hand bookstore on Columbus Avenue (about 75th Street; open evenings) one of the nice old Houghton Mifflin copies of O. W. Holmes's *Our Hundred Days in Europe* with the little emblem of the Autocrat stamped on it—the breakfast coffee-urn with wings and spectacles. There, for 25 cents, was a clean copy of 1888, marked *10th Thousand;* it was published in '87. I had never forgotten his famous blurb in that book about the Star safety-razor, one of the grandest bits of free advertising any article ever got. Dr. Holmes describes how he changed color and his knees shook when he went to Quaritch's in London and found that a first folio Shakespeare was then worth £785. But my favorite quotation in the book is "Every New England deacon ought to see one Derby day to learn what sort of a world this is he lives in. Man is a sporting as well as a praying animal."

❧ ❧

Detective stories:—There's a new Reggie Fortune, a new Dorothy Sayers, and they tell me that *The Rumble Murders* by Mason Deal is worth attention. "Mason Deal," I understand, is a pseudonym for T. E. Eliot, brother of T. S.

❧ ❧

Amusing to observe that the numbered and signed racket has got into stamp collecting, too. I note in a stamp dealer's display an envelope marked thus: "This is No. 12 of 75 letters carried in the airplane *Spirit of Veedol* on the first nonstop trans-Pacific flight." Signed by Messrs. Pangborne and Herndon.

❧ ❧

The fine binding racket was grand while it lasted. When the Gibbon comes along to do the Social History of 1920-30 he mustn't forget the $25 copies of Webster's Dictionary bound in levant with insertions of carved cinnabar. There were actually people who bought them.—Among the phony de luxe bindings there were often some very good ones, too. They are good Graduation Presents, and selling, just now, far below normal value.—I know one brooding bookseller for whom $2,000 worth of f.b.'s from London arrived in the customhouse on the very day of the original stock market crash.

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—*The New Republic.* $2.50

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE BLACK SWAN. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.

The historical romances of Mr. Rafael Sabatini are so many, and so deservedly well known, that it is hardly necessary to say more of the present one than that it is a return to the scene and period of "Captain Blood"—the Spanish Main in the seventeenth century. The heroine, returning from the West Indies to England, has for a travelling companion a gentleman who was a "buccaneer" in its sense of licensed raider against the Spanish, until the buccaneers were ordered suppressed by the king. The ship on which they journey is captured by a pirate vessel, the *Black Swan*, and he finds it necessary to offer his services to the pirate captain, and to represent her as his wife. Their adventures make up a story such as we can expect from Mr. Sabatini, a long, swaying chess-game, whose advantage goes first this way and then that, varied by spirited scenes of high words and of violence.

It must be said that this is not by any means one of Mr. Sabatini's best books. The situation is not so well treated as it was years ago in "To Have and to Hold"; the characterization is unusually perfunctory, even for a romance; and the scruple of honor of which he makes an artificial obstacle to the smooth course of his love story turns out to have had no real existence, which gives the reader a feeling of being cheated. Also, one has been able to count on Mr. Sabatini for accuracy of detail, but now one finds such slips as "*Sois tranquille, mon fils,*" the Union Jack in the reign of James the Second, and, most surprising of all, "Do they think they can get gay with Henry Morgan?" in an otherwise Jacobean speech. But even below his best, Mr. Sabatini can provide his own kind of entertainment as few other writers can; and for summer reading in an uncritical mood, one might do much worse than "The Black Swan."

RIVERS INTO WILDERNESS. By *Burke MacArthur*. Mohawk Press. $2.50.
YOUNG LONGAN. By *James T. Farrell*, Vanguard $3.75.
ELOPEMENT INTO EXILE. By *V. S. Pritchett*. Little, Brown. $2.50.
THE PRIDE OF MAURA. By *Nina Larry Duryea*. Sears. $2.50.
FLOOD OF PASSION. By *Ursula Bloom*. Dutton. $2.
THREE RICH MEN. By *Sidney Herschel Small*. Covici-Friede. $2.
MURDER AT THE HUNTING CLUB. By *Mary Plum*. Harper. $2.
THE HANGING OF CONSTANCE HILLIER. By *S. Fowler Wright*. Macaulay. $2.
BING, THE STORY OF A TRAMP DOG. By *Thomas C. Hinkle*. Morrow. $1.75.
THE RAKISH HALO. By *Harriet Henry*. Morrow. $2.
A DAGGER IN THE DARK. By *Walter F. Eberhardt*. Morrow. $2.
FLAME. By *C. E. Scoggins*. Morrow. $2.
LIVE BAIT. By *Ethel M. Dell*. Putnam. $2.
MAN GOETH FORTH. By *Charles W. Gillum*. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. $2.50.
DECLINE AND FALL. By *Evelyn Waugh*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.
MAD PUPPETSTOWN. By *M. J. Farrell*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.
RUEFUL MATING, THE. By *G. B. Stern*. Knopf. $2.50.
"——A BRILLIANT FUTURE. . . ." *Anonymous*. Vanguard. $2.
LINDA SHAWN. By *Ethel Mannin*. Knopf. $2.50.
STRANGE WOMEN. *Anonymous*. Mohawk Press. $2.
THE DISTURBING AFFAIR OF NOEL BLAKE. By *Neil Bell*. Putnam. $2.
THE RADIANT YEARS. By *Elizabeth Carfrae*. Putnam. $2.
MARY LEITH. By *Ernest Raymond*. Appleton. $2.50.
LITTLE ALECK. By *E. Ramsay Richardson*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

History

HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By *Chester Penn Higby*. Century. $3.50.
ROME AND THE ROMANS. By *Grant Showerman*. Macmillan. $2.40.
THE FRENCH COLONIAL VENTURE. By *Constant Southworth*. London: King.
FRENCH HISTORY. By *Emilie Saillens*. Lippincott. $1.
MAKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *Ralph Henley*. London: Dent.
WORKBOOK IN UNITED STATES HISTORY. By *Charles Garrett Vannest*. Scribner's. 60c.
MEDIEVAL EUROPE. By *Sydney MacGillvary Brown*. Harcourt, Brace.
THE INQUISITION. A Political and Military Study of Its Establishment. By *Hoffman Nickerson*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
MEDIEVAL ENGLAND, 1066-1485. By *F. M. Powicke*. Holt. $1.25.
KING CRIME. By *Collinson Owen*. Holt. $2.50.
THE MAN WHO KILLED KITCHENER. By *Clement Wood*. Faro. $4.
THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF PALESTINE AND THE BIBLE. By *William Foxwell Albright*. Revell. $2.
BRITISH TRADE AND INDUSTRY. By *G. D. H. Cole*. Macmillan. $5.
EDDA AND SAGA. By *Bertha S. Phillpotts*. Holt. $1.25.

International

SOCIAL ECONOMIC PLANNING IN THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS. By *V. V. Obolensky-Ossinsky, S. L. Ronier, A. Gayster*, and *I. A. Kraval*. International Industrial Relations Association, 130 East 22nd St., New York.
EMPLOYMENT AND UNEMPLOYMENT IN PRE-WAR AND SOVIET RUSSIA. By *Susan M. Kingsbury* and *Mildred Fairchild*. International Industrial Relations Association, 130 East 22nd St., New York.
THE NEW WORLD-ORDER. Edited by *F. S. Marvin*. Oxford University Press. $2.75.
WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE. By *Jay Franklin*. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By *R. B. Mowat*. Macmillan.
THAT STRANGE LITTLE BROWN MAN GANDHI. By *Frederick B. Fisher*. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.50.
POLAND: 1914-1931. By *Robert Machray*. Dutton. $3.75.
EUROPE AND OUR MONEY. By *Lothrop Stoddard*. Macmillan. $2.25.
HANDS OFF CHINA! Faro. $1.50.

Miscellaneous

DYNAMARHYTHNIC DESIGN. By *Edward B. Edwards*. Century. $3.50.
BONEHEAD BRIDGE. By *Berton Braley*. Sears. $1.
HUMAN STERILIZATION. By *Hugh S. Landman*. Macmillan. $4.
HISTORY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE. By *Leon Burr Richardson*. Hanover, N. H.: Dartmouth College. 2 vols. $7.50.
BONDS WITHOUT SAFETY. New Republic.
HOW SUPERIOR POWERS OUGHT TO BE OBEYED. By *Christopher Goodman*. Facsimile Text Society (Columbia University Press).
HARRY HERSHFIELD'S JEWISH JOKES. By *Harry Hershfield*. Simon & Schuster. 98 cents.
LIVING WITH OUR FLOWERS. By *Mrs. William Stanhope Rowe*. Stewart Kidd. $3.
A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by *Henry George Liddell* and *Robert Scot*. Edited by *Henry Stuart Jones* and *Roderick McKenzie*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.
PLANNING FOR RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS. Washington, D. C.: The President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership. $1.15.
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GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHILD. Part III.: Nutrition. Century. $4.
THE DINNER KNELL. By *T. Earle Welby*. London: Methuen.
PRACTICAL CHURCH SCHOOL MUSIC. By *Reginald L. McAll*. Abingdon. $2 net.
THE COLLEGE LIBRARY. By *William M. Randall*. American Library Association and the Chicago University Press. $2.50.
LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN PENOBSCOT COUNTY. By *Edmund Hobart Bartlett*. Orono, Me.: University Press.
CHILD LABOR. Century. $5.
HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH HYMN. By *Benjamin Brawley*. Abingdon. $2.
WHY MARRIAGE? By *S. L. Katzoff, M.D.* San Francisco: Institute of Domestic Relations.
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A CHILD'S BOOK OF THE TEETH. By *Harrison Wader Ferguson*. World Book Co. 68 cents.
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ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND. By *Ernest Cobb*. Putnam. $2.
RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED. By *Harold G. Aron*. East River, Conn.: Georgic Press.
GOOD BUSINESS AND THE WAR DEBTS. By *Horace Taylor*. Columbia University Press. 25 cents.
THE PARIS COMMUNE. By *V. I. Lenin*. International Publishers.
THE REVOLUTION OF 1905. By *V. I. Lenin*. International Publishers.
AMERICAN BOOKTRADE DIRECTORY. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1932. $10.
WOMEN UNVEILED. By *Marion Isabel Angus*. Vancouver, B. C.: Vancouver Bindery, Ltd.
VASSAR JOURNAL OF UNDERGRADUATE STUDIES. Vol. VI. Poughkeepsie, New York: Vassar College.
LANDMARKS OF CHARLESTON. By *Thomas Petigru Lesesne*. Richmond: Garrett & Massie. $1.
"IT WON'T LAST." By *Orison Swett Marden*. Crowell. $1.
FROM A COLLEGE PLATFORM. By *William Mather Lewis*. Dial. $2.
THE STREET RAILWAY IN MASSACHUSETTS. By *Edward S. Mason*. Harvard University Press. $3.
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GARDENS AND GARDENING. Rudge.
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EVERYBODY'S GARDEN. By *Walter Prichard Eaton*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
THE ROOSEVELT BIRD SANCTUARY ANTHOLOGY. Edited by *Eugene Swope, Mabel Maris Swope*, and *Alice Delano Wirkes*. Sears. $2.
HOW TO BID IN CONTRACT BRIDGE. By *Saul Watkins*. Literary Service Bureau.

Philosophy

ARISTOTLE. By *Geoffrey Mure*. Oxford University Press. $2.75.
THE WISDOM OF CONFUCIUS. Edited by *Miles Menander Dawson*. Boston: International Pocket Library. 25 cents.
WHAT WE LIVE BY. By *Ernest Dimnet*. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.
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THE WHOLESOME PERSONALITY. By *William H. Burnham*. Appleton. $3.50.
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Poetry

AS THEY CAME TO ME. By *Elsie Stevens*. Philadelphia: Poetry Publishers.
THE POEMS OF LONGFELLOW. Modern Library.
VERSES. By *Elizabeth Daryush*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.
OF EARTH AND STARS. By *Madeleine Moschenross*. Poebar Publishing Co.
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THE LOOM. *Omicron Epsilon Pi*. Washington: American University.
THE NATURAL YEAR. By *Frederick Edwards*. New York: Schulte's Bookstore. 6 vols.
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Religion

THE REINTERPRETATION OF JESUS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By *Carl Everret Parinton*. Scribiners. $1.75.
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Science

GENERAL BOTANY FOR COLLEGES. By *Ray Ethan Torrey*. Century.
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THREE HUNDRED YEARS IN THE GOLDEN NORTH. By *Jane Welzl*. Macmillan. $2.50
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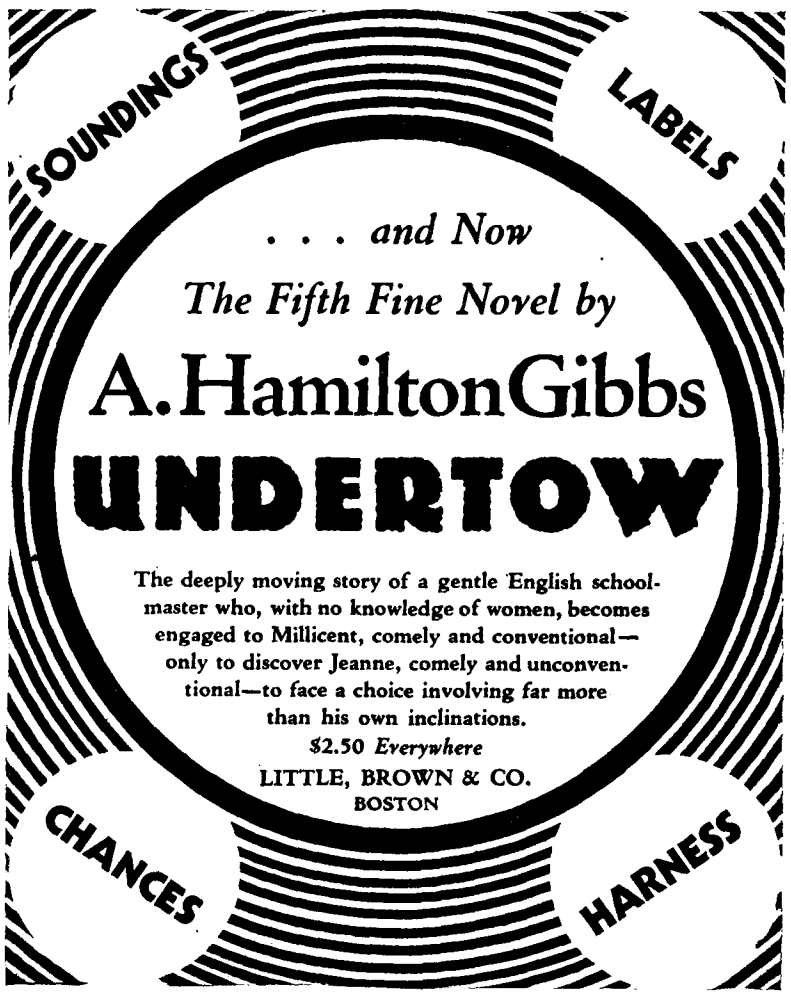
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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

M. G., *Long Island, is planning a teaching unit on parliamentary procedure, for a high school class; she has the basic books, but would welcome suggestions on supplementary material such as charts, constitutions, and records of meetings, which would help to enrich this topic.* Charts I don't know; perhaps someone else will tell me. There is a little book just published, "How to Be a Clubwoman," by Helen Cowles LeCron and Edith Wasson McElroy (Appleton), that manages to boil all procedure strictly necessary to a woman's club, down to two pages of print. And a good thing, too; in the high school years, parliamentary practice is a grand setting-up exercise, but I know of nothing less likely to endear a club president to a group of ladies of her own time of life than a ruthless efficiency in Cushing. This new manual is full of sound common sense about every type of club problem and should be widely recommended to new members. It advises as additions to a club's library Roberts's "Parliamentary Practice" (Century) and "Parliamentary Law," by Edith Theall Chafee (Crowell), the latter having women's clubs especially in mind. "How to Organize and Conduct a Meeting," by Henry and Seeley (Noble), should have much for this class; it lives up to its title by drills, specimens of constitutions, reports and forms of various kinds, by many questions and a few diagrams.

C. S. A., *New York, asks about books on parlor magic.* Plenty of them this year. First came a large, handsomely illustrated compendium of the subject on the grand scale, Ottokar Fischer's "Illustrated Magic" (Macmillan), translated by J. B. Mussey and Fulton Oursler, with an unpublished chapter by the late Kellar. There is a line in this with which I cheerfully agree: "The end of all magic is to feed with mystery the human mind, which dearly loves mystery." One might fear that the information contained in this and the following books might block that end, but in my case, all it did was to raise to the boiling point my admiration for anyone who can do all these things so rapidly I can't see them do them. I suppose that John Mulholland is now at the head of the profession the world over; he certainly knows how to write with uncommon lucidity and grace, and the result makes a fine sort of Outline of Magic. "Quicker than the Eye: the Magic and Magicians of the World" (Bobbs), with many drawings by Cyrus L. Baldridge. "Houdini's Magic" was prepared from the private notebooks of the late mystery maker, by Walter B. Gibson (Harcourt); it has many clear drawings and some of the tricks appear in print for the first time. The disappearing tricks are especially interesting, though there are plenty of illusions calling for little apparatus.

R. S. B. L., *Chicago,* thinks that *C. R. S., who is interested in statements of contemporary time-theories,* would like to read two books on this fascinating subject: "An Adventure," with a preface by Edith Olivier and a note by J. W. Dunne, published by Faber & Faber, 24 Russell Square, London, and "An Experiment with Time," by J. W. Dunne (Macmillan). The second of these I have not read, but as it was introduced to the public by the author of "An Experiment with Time," I am prepared to find it valuable. For Mr. Dunne's book is one that keeps alive by sheer originality and depth of subject matter; an upsetting book in some ways, but exhilarating. A writer, reading it, might go off into startlingly new plots.

If you enjoyed ALL PASSION SPENT and THE EDWARDIANS, you must not miss this new collection of eight stories by V. Sackville-West—brilliant, fantastic, exquisite—the title-piece being a portrait of the author's own great grandmother . . . a great lady defying time in a beautiful old house that belonged to a spacious royal Paris.

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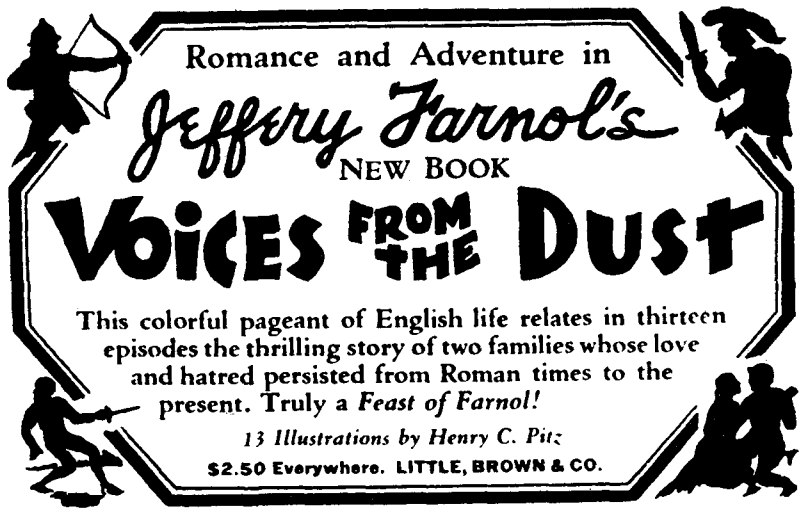
Thirty Clocks Strike the Hour
BY
V. SACKVILLE-WEST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THE *Scandinavian-American Monitor, Brooklyn N. Y., says:* "We couldn't help but smile when reading your reply as to the pronunciation of Selma Lagerlöf's 'Löwenskölds.' Here's how: Löwensköld is a combination of the German Löwe and the Swedish Shold (shield). Thus the first o should be pronounced as o with the umlaut, same in German as well as in Swedish. Your English 'thirty' has a similar sound. Sk in skold is pronounced as sh in she, and the last o has the same sound as the first." They tell me to let them know whenever I need the *right* pronunciation of the language of the descendants of the Vikings—I'll ask them by mail, for apparently something must have slipped in transmission over the telephone on the last occasion. My languages do not include the Scandinavian; my ear is untrained therein; the only time I have listened unabashed to someone else's telephone talk was when the housemaid used to carry on long conversations in Swedish; it was so unfalteringly melodious and I never could recognize one syllable. The *Monitor* is a sprightly bi-lingual local journal, but I wish they would publish interlinear jokes. The Swedish ones just don't look plausible.

P. W., *Jamestown, N. Y., asks me to list the three leading literary journals in France, Germany, and England, saying that "book lovers in the small cities are at a great disadvantage from a literary angle. It is impossible for them to purchase literary journals on local newsstands. Yes, even so when they wish to buy the* Saturday Review of Literature." For a general news source, a review for keeping up with new publications in Paris, I have found nothing better in my own work than *Les Nouvelles Littéraires.* This is a weekly in newspaper format, on sale wherever foreign newspapers are sold. My own choice among the monthly reviews would be the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* and if I were outfitting myself to keep in touch with theatrical production as well as dramatic literature, I would get *La Petite Illustration,* the weekly supplement to the worldwide *L'Illustration,* for this prints a complete contemporary play in each issue or else a new work of fiction. I must not let slip this chance to call attention to a pamphlet reprint that every teacher of French should own, or anyone who would be interested in magazines like these: each year Professor Albert Schinz of the University of Pennsylvania prepares for the *Modern Language Journal* a brief and cogent analysis of the year's literature and drama; "L'Année Littéraire Mil Neuf Cent Trente-et-Un" is a condensed review of events in poetry, theatre, the novel, and miscellaneous works, especially history. It is so brief that of course it can do scarcely more than list important works, but for a review that goes more into details there is Professor Schinz's article on the same subject in the "New International Year Book," which will repay careful reading. This "New International Year Book," now produced for the first time by Funk & Wagnalls, is one of the most rewarding works one could wish; it preserves the year complete in encyclopedic form, reported by specialists and keeping amazingly close to the moment. I had to cover it up to get any work done, and I recommend it strongly to readers of this column who contemplate getting wrecked on a desert island this summer. It is not too large or too heavy for carrying about, and I am seriously considering using it for my only steamer reading this year.

From the purely literary point of view, the *Literarisches Echo* is perhaps the best in Germany, while the *Literarische Welt* goes second for advanced literature. For the third periodical, the *Neue Deutsche Runschau* would be the more modern choice for a reader with a wide range of interest. Literary subjects are treated in the famous magazines of a general character, *Velhagen & Klasing's* and *Westermann's;* these are about the same in value in every respect, and their remarkable color plates have made them probably the best-known German magazines in this country. I asked Mr. E. Eisele of B. Westermann Co. to look over this list, and he approved, which means much.

For England the *Times Literary Supplement* is indispensable, and I would have the weekly edition of the *Manchester Guardian* along with it. Of the liberal reviews of radical tone I would choose the *New Statesman,* but there are several others I would hate to have to give up. The monthly to which I subscribe is *The New Adelphi;* it was formerly Middleton Murry's magazine, and he still writes for it regularly; it has a charm of its own, both in looks and in content. And if anyone has nine dollars a year to put into sensible amusement, I don't see how he can get more for his money than by subscribing to *Punch.*

O. D. B., *New York, needs something on glass in England, the windows of churches and colleges—"something more than the encyclopedia, more even than the guide-books; not only the facts of its making but its legends and stories. As a sample, what is the significance of the lovely bird-window in the parish church of St. Andrew, Chippenham?"*

"English Mediaeval Painted Glass," by J. F. LeCouteur, is one of the series of volumes on historic monuments of England sponsored by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge (Macmillan). "Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France" (Macmillan) is a splendid volume in which the paintings are by Laurence B. Saint, the descriptions by Hugh Arnold; this is one of the works recommended in the "List of Books for College Libraries" by Charles B. Shaw, a large but conveniently arranged volume lately brought out by the American Library Association. "Storied Windows," by Arthur J. de Haviland Bushnell (Macmillan 1914), is out of print but should not be too hard to get; it is a traveler's introduction to the study of old church glass from the twelfth century to the Renaissance, and though its field is France in particular, it would be the sort of general survey interesting to this inquirer. Alfred Werck's "Stained Glass," of which 100 copies were published by N. L. Brown in 1922, is on this art from Charlemagne's time to the decadence, 850 to 1650.

I think the nearest to getting everything about its making into one book is reached for the general reader by "Stained Glass Work," by C. W. Whall (Pitman). A beginner may here be informed, and for those already familiar with the subject the author discusses the principles on which windows should be made and the distinctions here so important between beauty and garishness or banality. "The Art and Craft of Stained Glass," by E. W. Twining, another Pitman publication, is a big book complete for the craftsman in every detail, with colored plates and illustrations in black and white.

Charles H. Sherrill's "Stained Glass Tours in England" (Dodd) would be just about the travel-guide to fit this purpose, but it is the only one of his series of such journeys now out of print: his "Stained Glass Tours in Germany, Austria and the Rhine Lands" (Dodd) appeared in 1928, and similar volumes for France, Spain and Flanders, and Italy, are still in print. The traveler in England should, if he starts from London, get his bearings by a visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where the handbook on stained glass will be worth owning. I wonder if all London visitors know that even the cheap pamphlet guides to this museum, the South Kensington, the London or the British Museum, are so good in contents, illustrations, and printing that they might well be brought home to bind for one's own library. Alas, I don't know about that bird-window, but I shall make it my business, sometime between June 22 and September 1 of this year, to go to Chippenham and ask the verger.

B. B. B., *Hueneme, Cal.,* adds to the list of books on Africa, Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," saying that old as it is it is excellent for the atmosphere of Boer life and of the country, and I'll venture to say that some middle-aged Americans shiver when they remember it—and "The Little Karoo," by Pauline Smith; this novel was published by Doran some years ago and may be remembered for its picture of the veldt. She also suggests Brett-Young's "Woodsmoke" (Dutton) the tale of a safari in Nairobi and Tanganyika—he has several other African novels—Carl Akeley's "In Brightest Africa" (Doubleday) and Delia Akeley's "Jungle Portraits" (Macmillan), and Mary J. Akeley's "Carl Akeley's Africa" (Dodd), the story of his last expedition.

To the *Nation* of June first, Mark Van Doren, noted American poet and anthologist, contributes an interesting article, "What is a Poet?" in which he remarks upon the romantic picture of a poet that is still taken as the true one in the minds of the laity. The actual facts are, he concludes, that he may get his chief joy out of a wife and kitchen; he may inhabit a palace; he may shiver in a garret; he may be noble; he may be mean. He is not limited, in other words, more than other men.

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Foreign Literature

Europe of the Future

DIE WELT AUF DER WAAGE. By COLIN Ross. Leipzig: Rockhaus.

S'UNIR OU MOURIR. By GASTON RIOU. Paris: Librairie Valois.

Reviewed by H. D. HILL

BOTH of these books deal with the future of Europe as an entity rather than a geographical expression. Colin Ross places the world on the scales in the mood of a philosophical journalist home from the wars—his subtitle is "The Diagonal of a Twenty Years' Journey round the World." For almost a generation he has tramped the globe (as the titles of his rather long series of travel books indicate), and he has made rather a specialty of those ports of call in which one can hear the story of Lord Jim. To a person at home in such far harbors Europe appears as a rather small peninsula; in Mr. Ross's analysis of the power-alignments of the future the big continents are valued at their full weight —they obviously bulk in his consciousness as tri-dimensional realities, not as the colored surfaces of our flat white internationalism, to which the mountains of Switzerland alone are real.

When he comes back to Europe it is to Pan-Europa. And he baldly states that since Germany and France are the two large constituents of the new unity (like Count Coudenhove-Kalergi he sees England outside Pan-Europa) it is an indispensable prerequisite that they should achieve not an understanding but a fusion. But political details apart, and viewed in the large, Europe, or more exactly the North-Atlantic civilization consisting of the Continent, England, and North America, interests him from another angle. During the nineteenth century the white race established its predominance over the whole world. The other races believed in its power because the white race believed in itself. Now, in the twentieth century, the nerve of that outward drive has been cut. Why? Because the Europe of today lacks an hypothesis. The coming of technique destroyed the magic of previous generations (he uses the word "magic" in much the same sense that Sorel uses the word "myth"). If there is not to be a decline of the West, Europe must find a new myth, a new relation to the spiritual forces of the world. And since the machine is as thoroughly enmeshed in our lives as it is, the soundest way to a renewed religious life for Europe is through technique itself:

> Wenn wir also die Technik nicht lassen können aber gleichzeitig erkannt haben, dass der Weg zu den letzten Lebensquellen nur über die Magie führt, so müssen wir zu dem Schlusse kommen, dass die Zukunft unserer Zivilisation und damit die der Weissen Rasse nur dann gewährleistet ist, wenn sie auch auf dem technischen Wege den Anschluss an die magische Kraft nicht verliert, die der eine grosse Motor ist, der letzten Endes auch unsere Technik speist.
>
> Unsere dynamische Seele braucht einen dynamischen Gott. Mit dem statischen, der in Ewigkeit, Unendlichkeit und Unveränderlichkeit thront, wissen wir nichts anzufangen. Für uns muss Gott Rhythmus, Bewegung, Welle sein, der eine ungeheuere Rhythmus des Universums.

The examples which Mr. Ross gives of the possible working out of the new spirit are disappointing. It seems too often to be nothing but an adoration of all the technique can do. It is difficult to see what the application of improved technique to problems of other continents, to control of the climate, etc., has to do with a new European hypothesis. What is important, however, is his effort to show the necessity of working out a relation between spirit and technique, of establishing a new myth as well as a new method, for in post-war Germany the new Sachlichkeit and the old Pietism have generally maintained a jealous distance from each other; books like this and Pastor Hanns Lilje's "Das Technische Zeitalter" are decidedly the exception.

Turning from Ross's plea for a new European hypothesis to Gaston Riou's "S'unir ou Mourier" it is interesting to see that over a third of his text, and by far the most interesting section, is called "La Mystique Européenne."

The book begins with a resumé of the three chief points made in his "Europe, ma Patrie," published last year:

1. If Europe does not constitute herself economically into either a European customs union or a European syndicate of production, she will become impoverished and drop into the ranks of colonized countries.

2. If Europe does not constitute herself politically into a European federative union, she will in a very short time become the vassal of one of the three white blocs which are unified (these three blocs being the Russian, the British, and the American).

3. Once impoverished and a vassal, Europe would quickly lose her primacy in civilization, and with her the whole white race.

Following this is a brilliant defence of the Pan-European case and a discussion of the points which are usually brought up against it. M. Riou, unlike Mr. Ross, regards England as essentially belonging to the European constellation, but recognizes the delicacy of the difficulties which stand in her way. In answer to the question, Why a U. S. of Europe before a U. S. of the World? he quotes Heinrich Mann to the effect that the establishment of the habit of thinking continentally is a necessary and prerequisite preparation for a larger unity. The objection that federation would destroy the individual cultures which are the quintessence of Europe he meets squarely by pointing out that the superficial similarity of appearance and equipment, even now striking enough, is a product of the economic world which knows no political barriers and which at this very moment is taking its way across the continent; he suggests that genuine cultural differences in Spain and particularly among the Swiss cantons have been intensified rather than stamped out by federation, since (once the military way is closed) pre-eminence can only be proved culturally.

But what of the dynamic of Europe? "The white civilization is not only a technique but a mystique. I ought to say a religion. I abstain because I am thinking of nothing which is confessional and the atrocious temporal competition of the churches distresses me. And when I say mystique I mean to speak of a faith which is common to all that is eminent in the white race: the feeling for the human person, conceived as sacred, as an absolute worthy of all reverence, as the sole indestructible reality, anterior and superior to time and to whose service all ought to be directed, politics, economics, institutions, letters, arts, religions. . . . This faith is the saving virtue of the Occident. The Occident ceases to be if it defies the machine . . ." And the concrete expression of this faith is democracy. "Democracy assumes a spiritual growth, an inner unfolding, a new birth—I use this religious term intentionally—a new birth of each member of the community. Democracy, historically and by its essence, is the first attempt to transpose into social reality the gospel of Christ. . . . To use Pascal's words, democracy is 'of the order of faith.' It is an ideal system proposed to our mind as against the animal order."

Intensity of this sort springs only from a deep conviction of something infinitely precious which is at this moment at stake. In a Western Europe increasingly encircled by dictatorships and pressed upon by absolutist elements, economic and political, at home, democracy is again beginning to mean something. The list of recent works which Riou gives as his conclusion is a veritable muster of the French contingent for the coming Europe.

Arthur Schnitzler

FLUCHT IN DIE FINSTERNIS. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Berlin: Fischer. 1932.

DER GANG ZUM WEIHER. Dramatische Dichtung. The same.

IM SPIEL DER SOMMERLÜFTE. The same.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER died at Vienna on October 20th and one more of the representative writers of pre-war Austria has gone. Just as Hugo von Hofmannsthal typified the baroque, religious side of the Viennese character, so Schnitzler expressed the pleasure-loving, gay, witty, light-hearted irresponsibility of another part of the population of the Austrian capital, and the blank despair, the purposeless sensuality which was also to be found there. A marked strain of eroticism was hardly ever absent from his work; sometimes it was decked out with wit and playfulness, and it entertained us; at other times it reflected the intense depression of men and women in the grip of fate, with no hope, no philosophy, no religion, in which to find refuge when the pleasures of the senses failed. As a general rule it is the lighter side of Viennese life that Schnitzler treated in his plays; the more sombre side found expression in his prose. Playgoers all over the world found in the "Anatol" plays a reflection of the gay side of Viennese life before the war; in post-war plays, such as "Komödie der Verführung," it was essentially the same picture. For Schnitzler the dramatist the war might hardly have happened. In the stories the tone was generally more serious. With a perfection of technique hardly to be paralleled in contemporary German literature. Schnitzler showed, in a number of "Novellen," his mastery of the psychological short story. In particular his "Fräulein Else" and "Traumnovelle," also the story "Spiel im Morgengrauen," will be long remembered as masterpieces in this particular class of fiction, while in the long novel, "Therese," he gave Austrian literature an example of stark naturalism comparable with the work of Zola.

By a pathetic circumstance Schnitzler's last published work, the "Novelle," "Flucht in die Finsternis," appeared only a few days before his death. Its subject is the premature overclouding of a healthy man's mind and his gradual flight into mental darkness and despair. The reader is held in the grip of the narrative from beginning to end.

Of the two last plays from Schnitzler's pen the first, "Der Gang zum Weiher," was published as long ago as 1925, but it had to wait for production, at the Vienna Burgtheater, until February of this year. It is subtitled "a dramatic poem," and it is in blank verse of excellent quality. Except in certain features of characterization, it is not the Schnitzler with whom we are most familiar, for in this work the dramatist has created a dream world not unlike some of the creations of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. The external circumstances of the play are an eighteenth century castle, belonging to the Freiherr, formerly the Imperial Chancellor, in the midst of war. Into his household, [illegible] ing of himself, his sister Anselma, young daughter Leonilda, come th[illegible] ures, His Hightness's secretary, S[illegible] Thorn, and Konrad von Ursenbe[illegible] various strands in the plot are a little difficult to unravel, but in essence it is a struggle for Leonilda between Sylvester and Konrad. The dreamlike poetical play, in fact, ends with a question.

The other play, "Im Spiel der Sommerlüfte," has no symbolism, but is a pleasing example of Schnitzler's ability to write a delightful amorous comedy. On this occasion there is less insistence on the physical side of passion and a less cynical atmosphere, but on the whole the play gains in consequence. When its action is finished, it has all been nothing more than a "Spiel der Sommerlüfte," something as light as the summer zephyrs, a good example of the other side of Schnitzler's achievement.

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THE Duchess and ourself now have three turtles, *Wynken, Blynken,* and *Nod,*—Nod recently demised, he was the smallest and there must have been some dirty work at the crossroads one dark night. Wynken has left his tiny tank at least three times, bumped somehow from table to couch to floor and remained absent for as long as twenty-four hours. So far—rap wood—he has always been recovered, but how he makes his getaway remains a mystery. Maybe Wynken isn't a "he" though? How to tell the sex of turtles is a problem beyond this department. That delightful writer, *Gustav Eckstein,* author of "Noguchi," and now of "Lives," sheds little light. He seems to know all about rats, parrots, and macaws, and a lot about turtles, too. But not enough. He possessed a Madame, a Monsieur, even a Mademoiselle, though their portraits are not here. Here is a drawing stolen from *Hokusai* and reproduced on the jacket of Eckstein's book. But though he is scant on exact information he has this delightful bit in "Lives," published, by the way, by Harper's, describing the meeting between Mademoiselle and Monsieur.

At a quarter of ten they are nearer each other by a yard. Quarter of eleven, side by side, the heads not an inch apart. Is it some Chinese species of combat, or merely the slow absorption of the personality of one into the personality of the other? What happens next is quick as quaint. Mademoiselle draws in her head, far in, shuts both eyes, tight, and though there is all the floor to tramp across, chooses the narrow path that leads over the top of Monsieur's back. Never was there a more bravura gesture of contempt.

A new fiction magazine made its first appearance yesterday with a July number. It is to be devoted exclusively to short stories no longer than 2,500 words. It is called *Short Shorts,* sells for fifteen cents, is published by *Lionel White* of New York and edited by *Paul Anderson.* This development is significant, because, say the publishers:

> The accelerated tempo of modern living, the unusual demands made upon our time, the competition for our interest and attention of the radio, the motion picture, the theatre, and the newspaper of today, covering in its range and size practically every human interest—all these forces have conspired to rob us of time and leisure, the most valuable heritage bestowed by nature.

So they feel that *Short Shorts* is "keyed to the philosophy and psychology of today." . . .

Well, a brief story is certainly a perfectly legitimate form, but we should hate to think that American life is getting so speeded up as to increase the desire for brevities at the expense of longer works. We believe that the fast tempo is felt much more in the metropolis than elsewhere, as is natural. There is still, however, some leisure around, in which those with discrimination may enjoy even the older "three-decker" novel. . . .

Lloyd W. Eshleman of Peekskill says, anent our recent mention of *Cyril Hume's* liking for *William Morris,* that "All the works of Morris have been especial favorites of mine. . . . It would be interesting to make a study of the extent to which certain prominent writers of the past thirty-five years have borrowed from him. The list would include many prominent names: certainly he influenced Hume himself, Hewlett, Cabell, and many others. An interesting contribution of more or less questionable value is contained in 'Revaluation' (Oxford). . . . Another, lesser known phase of his work is its adaptability to juvenile literature. Two or three years ago a young lady teacher in England evolved from his poetry two excellent juvenile books, one in poetry, the other in prose (Nelson: London)." . . .

The latest issue of *The Colophon, a Book Collectors' Quarterly,* edited by *Elmer Adler* and *John T. Winterich* at 229 West 43d St., this city, contains several most interesting articles, chiefly *Robinson Jeffers's* own account of the publishing of his first book of poems, and a discussion of *The Chap Book* by *Ernest Elmo Calkins,* which was published back in the 'nineties by Stone & Kimball in Chicago. We were brought up on *The Chap Book,* as our father was one of its earliest subscribers. Somewhere in storage we have a lot of old *Chap Books.* It was a remarkable little magazine, with a most distinguished list of contributors. There is also reproduced in *The Colophon,* in color, a forgotten drawing of *Max Beerbohm's,* with a letter from a Max himself anent it. Altogether a fine issue of this too-little known periodical. . . .

In her new autobiography of *Owen D. Young,* coming through Macmillan, *Ida M. Tarbell,* quotes the following story as illustrating the type of settlement that, in his work on German reparations in the Dawes Committee, and in many other delicate negotiations, Young always tried to arrange for all concerned. The story is of a cow-trade between Young and one of his neighbors:

> They had dickered over the price and had come to no conclusion.
> Mr. Young finally named a figure; the buyer said nothing, talked of other matters, and finally rose to go.
> "But hold on," said Mr. Young, "how about that cow?"
> "Well, Owen, she's too dear to take and too cheap to leave!"

Bias III says that, talking about pronunciation, his latest advices from Russian emigrés have been that the name's not *Leneen* or *Lenine,* but *Lenyin*—and that's a morsel for the A. H. Holt compilation! . . .

A short while ago *Guy Gilpatric,* author of the hilarious book, "Scotch and Water," received a letter from an irate Scot who berated him soundly for what he described as "a libel on the Caledonian character." "Scots are not avaricious," stated this correspondent. "On the contrary, they care little for money, and are free spenders." The letter was delivered with two cents postage due! . . .

In regard to her "Collected Poems," *Kenneth Slade Alling* sends us the following

STANZAS FOR ELINOR WYLIE

The wry, ironic phrase;
The fine, astringent force;
Found, in her later days,
In depths of will, divorce;
To make remarriage with
That which is more than myth.

The jewelled edge; the blade
Of diamond; the deep
Facet too bright to fade;
The sharpness;— then a sleep
Came darkly on them; came
To fuse them in new flame.

The sharded items melt;
The gleam and glitter turn;
And what the reason felt,
Begins within to burn;
A fire in the control
Now of the heart and soul.

THE PHOENICIAN.

RECOVERY

By Sir Arthur Salter

THE one "informed and masterly book" about the depression—4th Printing.

CENTURY $3.00

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

HIKE THROUGH THE AUSTRIAN ALPS. Dr. and Mrs. Shimon will again personally conduct a group through this beautiful country. Sailing date, July 9th. For information or interview call or write 936 West End Avenue, New York. Academy 2-8945.

YOU have to eat while you write. If that necessity worries you, inquire about this "back-to-the-land" experiment where you can live for $25 a month. Quiet, peaceful spot off the beaten path, not too far from New York. Address C, *Saturday Review.*

"FRESH woods and pastures new" being sought by Vassar graduate, Columbia M.A., with three years of engrossing experience as literary adviser to school publication, and five as teacher of English and Latin. Address L, *Saturday Review.*

TYLER'S OUTLOOK—A clean, healthful vacation place. Mountain scenery. Plenty of good food. $18 to $25. Folder. George L. Tyler, West Newbury, Vt.

DESIRED, personal communication with one specially interested subscriber in each State (and D. C.) to report occasionally on literary and bookselling activities in his own territory. Business Manager, *Saturday Review.*

WILL young woman on West 63rd practising gymnastic postures near open window every evening please pull down the shade? Interfering with my work. STUDENT.

SWEENEY. Meet outside antique shop 119 West 49 see model "cursed schooner Madelon Brown." Incidentally not schooner but square rig. NIGHTINGALE.

AUTOGRAPHS. Why pester innocent authors to sign books; bad manners, infernal nuisance. Few autographs worth having anyway. Buy genuine signed copies from famous second-hand dealer. List on application. SPARROW, c/o *Saturday Review.*

Donkey Hotê

To the Editor of "The Saturday Review":

Please discontinue the "Personal" concerning my Sardinian livestock. Donkey Hotê is sold. What's more, I could have sold him four times had there only been four of him!

Candidly, I was asounded at the "pulling power" of "The Saturday Review." I have written, as you may recall, countless articles, reviews and causeries for your estimable journal, and what did I almost inevitably get? Usually nothing, varied occasionally by an expostulation for failing to recognize the burning genius of Arabella Droopwort of South Dakota. And yet, even before I saw my agonized outcry in the paper, I had received three letters requesting the private details (and the price) of my—er—assinine advertisement. By the end of the week my correspondence concerning the donkey (and the whole "raison dêtre" of Donkeyism) had reached such a stage that I had to stay out of the garden entirely to the detriment of our early peas and the great joy of 753 varieties of weeds. So I say, please take out that ad!

May I conclude by assuring you that if I ever need quality as well as quantity advertising I shall know exactly where to turn. The replies seemed to come from the pages of Who's Who plus the Almanach de Gotha.

So, although our acres are the lonelier by the liveliest if not the loveliest of our four-footed creatures, I can at least afford the cream-separator I have coveted ever since Sears Roebuck issued my favorite summer reading.

Cordially,
LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
Elizabethtown, N. Y.

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